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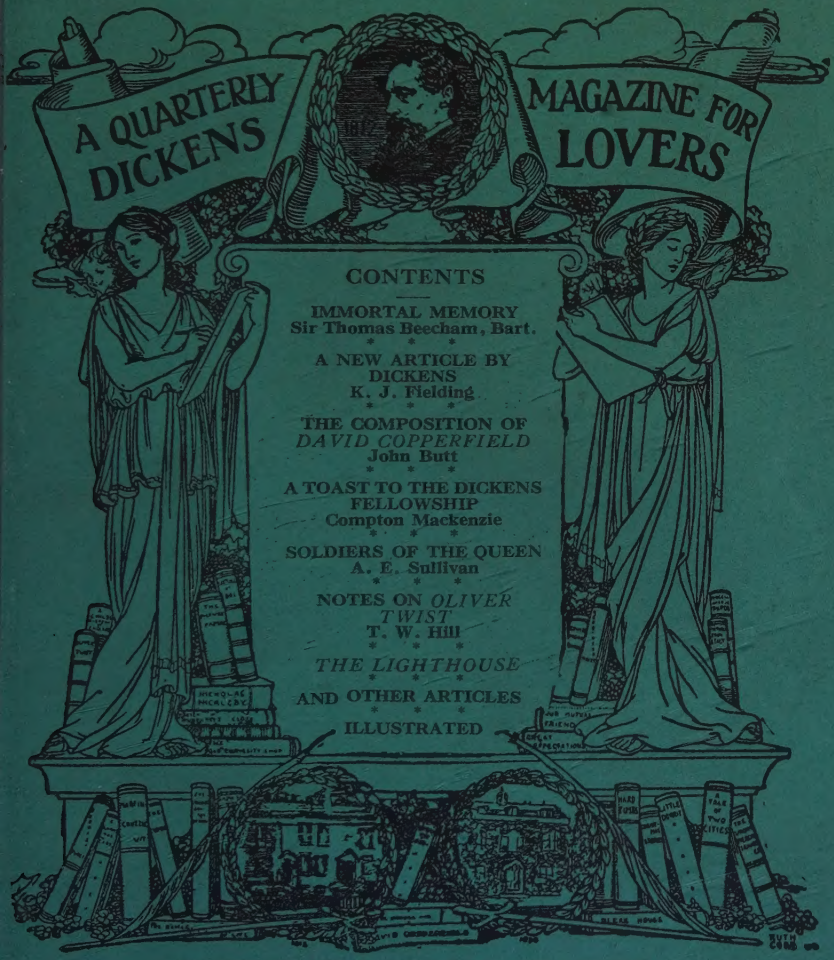
THE DICKENSIAN

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T. W. Hill

THE LIGHTHOUSE

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

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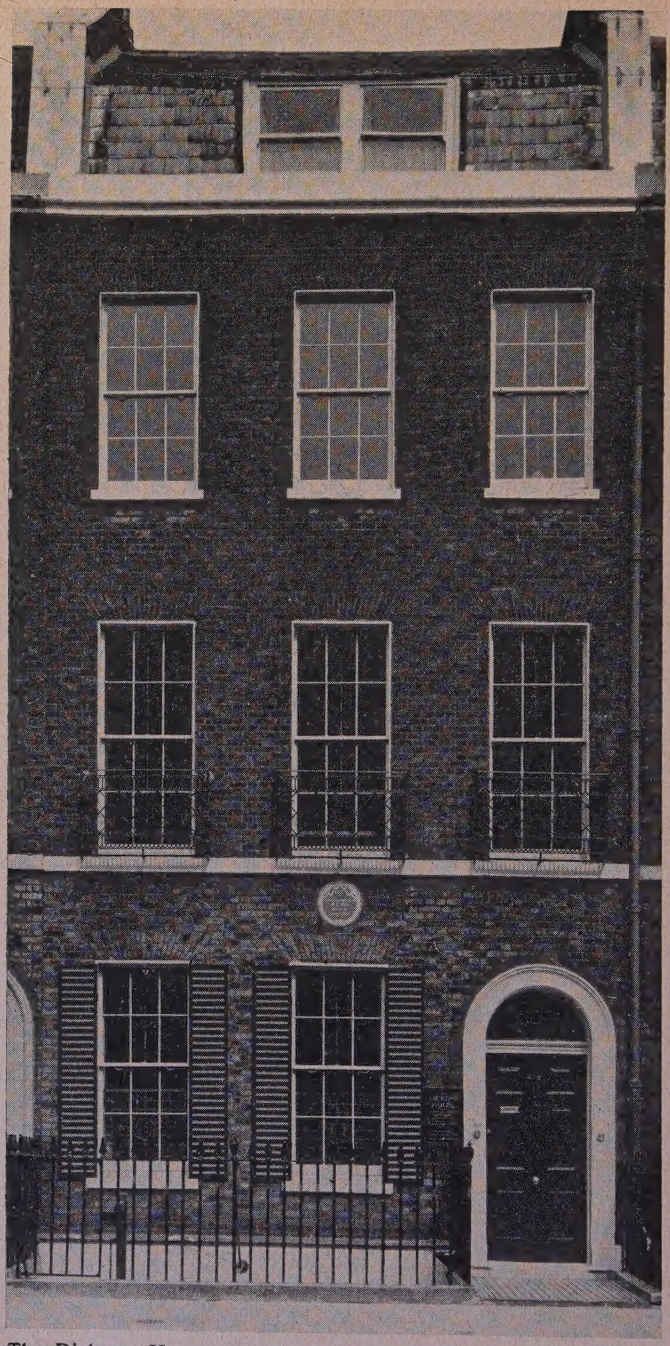


The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, showing the newly completed restoration.

(see opposite)

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. XLVI. 1ST JUNE 1950 No. 295

WHEN FOUND—

Conference. A full report will appear in our next issue.

* * * * *

Restoration. By reason of the very practical interest of the Pilgrim Trust, which has generously borne the major portion of the cost, a noteworthy restoration has recently been carried out at the Dickens House. Readers who were familiar with the previous appearance of the house will be interested in our frontispiece which clearly shews the amazing change that has been wrought. Originally the double-hung sash windows were divided by wooden glazing bars (astragals) so as to form rectangular panes, twelve to each ground floor window and a proportionate number to others in relation to their size. At a later date the astragals were removed and, following the then prevailing fashion, large sheets of plate glass were inserted, two to each window. When recent inspections revealed that the window frames were in such a bad condition that their renewal was necessary it was decided to take advantage of the opportunity to replace them in their original form. The Trustees are deeply indebted in this matter to Mr. M. C. Glover, who has been engaged with similar work in connection with the restoration of the Nash terraces at Regents Park. Under his direction, care has been taken to reproduce the correct sections and period mouldings. The result shews the importance of such matters of detail; scale has been restored and the rooms have regained the appearance and atmosphere which they possessed when Dickens lived there. Great credit is also due to the contractors, Messrs. Gleason, for their very sympathetic handing of the work.

* * * * *

Chalk Church. The tower of the little church near Chalk, between Gravesend and Gad's Hill, has been found to be in a very bad state and an appeal for £2,000 has been launched to provide for its restoration. The church was well known to Dickens, who is said to have always saluted the curious monkish figure carved upon its porch when he passed by on his walks.

* * * * *

Baroness Burdett-Coutts. An interesting item sold at Sotheby's on February 27th was the incomplete MS, of an article by Baroness Burdett-Coutts on *The Homes and Dress of the Working Classes*, with numerous corrections and additions in the hand of Dickens.

* * * * *

Temple Bar. Once again, efforts are being made to restore Temple Bar, so closely associated with *A Tale of Two Cities*, to a site in London. For many years now it has adorned Theobalds Park, Herts., and repeated attempts to have it brought back have so far not met with success.

* * * * *

A First Performance. It is not generally known that one of our foremost actors and a leading dramatist collaborated, before the recent war, to make a new adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities*, but unhappily it was never produced in London. They were John Gielgud and Terence Rattigan. One would like to think that one day we shall see Mr. Gielgud's Sydney Carton. In the meantime, however, he has given permission for its production

by the students of St. Brandan's College, Bristol, where it was received with great enthusiasm. The master responsible, Mr. Hedley Goodall, is a personal friend of Mr. Gielgud.

* * * * *

A Slip. In the recent *Life of Tennyson*, by his grandson, Sir Charles Tennyson, it is stated of the poet that "at Charles Dickens's funeral in Westminster Abbey, when his presence caused an almost indecent degree of excitement, women climbed on the seats and held their children up over the heads of the congregation to look at him, and when the service was over the crowd, instead of dispersing through the outer door, surged westward towards the sacrarium and completely immobilised him and his companion in their seats until special steps were taken to release them." It seems only right to recall that the funeral took place at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, June 14th, 1870, soon after nine o'clock in the morning and was marked by the privacy for which Dickens had, in his will, expressed a desire. G. A. Sala records that "the mourners, fourteen in number, with perhaps as many more strangers who accidentally chanced to be present, gathered round the grave to take a last look at the coffin." Forster wrote: "Later in the day and all the following day came unbidden mourners in such crowds that the Dean had to request permission to keep open the grave till Thursday." We think Sir Charles Tennyson must be referring to the sentences quoted from Forster.

* * * * *

Congratulations. Greetings and good wishes of Dickens lovers the world over will descend in shoals, on August 14th next, upon that grand old man of the theatre, Bransby Williams, for on that day he will celebrate his eightieth birthday. For more than fifty years he has been presenting Dickens to theatrical audiences, yet when last we saw him, that raven hair of his showed but little grey. During the past year he has played in the theatre, variety hall, and on the radio, and always with the success that has attended his appearances throughout his career. It is our special pleasure to greet him from these pages.

* * * * *

Bardell *v.* Pickwick cited. In a civil action in Nebraska, begun in 1947, the American Government sought, under the anti-trust laws, an injunction against The Association of American Railroads and Others. Two of the defendants sought exclusion from the action and in their brief said: "It is fair to say that as the alleged basis of a serious charge (participation) they are comparable only with the famous exhibit which reads: 'Dear Mrs. Bardell.—Chops and tomato sauce, Yours Pickwick.'—on the strength of which Mr. Pickwick was held liable for breach of promise of marriage." Though this was probably inserted in the brief with tongue-in-cheek motives to lighten an otherwise dreary law-suit, the Government lawyers took it up, and the defendants, in their reply-brief wrote: "To our considerable surprise Government Counsel . . . are happy to accept the precedent as controlling in this case" and then comment: "We were not previously aware that *Bardell v. Pickwick* was regarded as a shining example of justice . . . but we are happy to leave the matter where Government Counsel have placed it. If this Court agrees with us that *Bardell v. Pickwick* is not a sound precedent to follow and that the verdict in that case inflicted a grave miscarriage of justice on the defendant, we submit that our motion (for dismission from the action) should be granted.' Our readers will not expect us to comment on this.

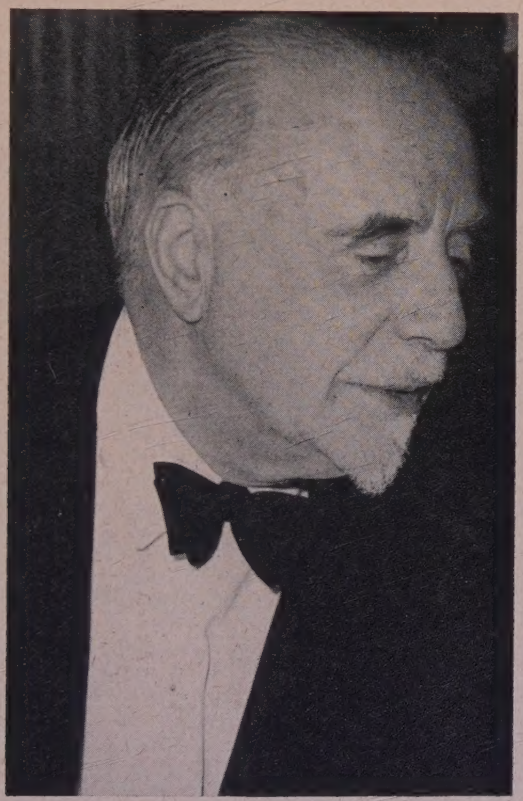
LESLIE C. STAPLES

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM

ON THE

IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS

A COMPANY of two hundred and fifty members and friends of the Dickens Fellowship celebrated the 138th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens at a dinner held at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on February 7th. The President, Major-General Ian Hay Beith, was in the Chair and the Toast of



Sir Thomas Beecham at the Birthday Dinner.

Reproduced by the Courtesy of the London *Evening News*.

the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens was proposed by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. :

IT is customary on occasions like this for a speaker to disclaim any knowledge at all of the subject about which he is to speak. It is traditional and time honoured, it's fashionable and, let me tell you, it is completely out of date. None the less, I find in this ancient country, which lags behind most, it is a custom which still holds good, and I ought, of course, to begin by telling you that I know nothing of Charles Dickens, I do not care a rap about Charles Dickens, I detest the name and works of Charles Dickens, and I am a most unsuitable person to

get up and talk about Charles Dickens. That is as it should be, but in this imperfect world it is not at all like that. As a matter of fact, I know a great deal about Charles Dickens and I want to tell you that I believe that, in some unascertainable way lost in the arcana of history, in the obscurity of generations ago, I am related to Charles Dickens.

I had a grandmother, ladies and gentlemen. Most people have two. I had six grandmothers. I do not know how I came to have them, but I did. In those days, like Benedick's, mine was a much married family, and I had six grandmothers. I am not certain there was not a seventh, because there is a story in my family of a grandmother who ran away from my grandfather, which would make seven, but an iron curtain of darkness has descended over that episode. One of those grandmothers professed—I am not responsible for the professions of any lady in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, using the word in any sense you may care to give it—she asserted, that her maiden name was Maria Dickens. In her advanced age, she went even further and said : " I am related to the author." I was about eight or nine years old at the time and I am bound to tell you that I was born into the world one of the most unbelieving infants that Providence ever permitted to adorn this planet. I gazed at her with awe and with some amazement, but I am obliged to confess that I did not believe a word she said ! But after the passage of sixty years or more, I like to remember that old lady ; I like to remember that her name was Maria Dickens and I still more like to think that she may have been right and that my scepticism was ill-founded and unworthy.

I am supposed to be speaking to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens. This is a very thorny question ; this is a very large question and I want to make one thing perfectly clear—I am not a critic. I am not a literary critic, I am not even a musical critic, thank goodness I remember what my friend Sibelius said many years ago, when we were discussing criticism : he said to me very seriously, almost sorrowfully : " It's remarkable that nowhere in the world is there a statue to a critic." Therefore, as you probably know, I have never ventured on any kind of criticism of anything or anyone in my time. The few good-natured and encouraging remarks I have had the opportunity of offering on certain occasions have been very ill-received, I must say and entirely misunderstood.

Here, to-night, we have a very singular occasion. I am asked to talk about something that really matters. I can assure you that I have been talking to gatherings like this for a very long time—something over forty years. I have been addressing most of these gatherings on artistic subjects, painting, literature, music and so on, and I have expressed with all that reticence and modesty, with which you are no doubt familiar, what I am pleased to call my views. Now, I can claim to have an almost unique experience, even exceeding that of Mr Bernard Shaw, who is my senior by some twenty years. In this respect I do claim superiority over him—I have never managed to make the slightest impression on anyone and I never expect to, but I find myself dealing with a subject about which there can be no reasonable difference of opinion.

Although I am a mere musician, it happens that in my spare moments I have dipped casually into the literature of many nations—ancient literature, mediaeval literature, the dramatic literature of most countries, including China. I have been present even at something like a dozen Chinese operas and for six weeks afterwards it completely wrecked my sense of hearing. I do not advise you to hear a Chinese opera, if you have any regard for the more delicate sensitivity of the aural organ. Now, it is a fact, and I am pleased to recall something about my excursions into, my travels and enquiries into, what has

virtually been the literature of the world of the last two or three thousand years.

I do not profess to remember all about it, but I remember a good deal, and in thinking about Charles Dickens, I am going to say something that no literary critic has dared to say, and no public man has dared to say, in England, in my time or any other time, and that is this. Having full consideration for the claims or pretensions of all famous men in England from the year 1800 to the year 1900, be they politicians, be they artists, painters, scientists, philosophers or poets, I will say that Charles Dickens was the most representative Englishman of his century.

Now, you may wonder why I make that claim, that particular claim. I will tell you why. I will traverse very briefly, because you know as much about this as I do, in five sentences, the history of English literature.

The great Algernon Charles Swinburne, in writing more than generously, indeed voluminously, about the literature of his native country, spoke of the Elizabethan period and said that we all knew that was the greatest period of our literature. And we know that the dramatic side of it is even greater than the lyrical, or of the lyrical period of any other era in our literature. And why ? Because it has a freshness, a vitality, a strength, and also the constant and unceasing capacity of surprise, every time we open a page of it. I have paraphrased the last sentence to suit my text. However, it is as reasonably near enough to Swinburne as you can expect. I think he was right. It is impossible for anyone to open the pages of Webster, Marlowe, Dekker or Ford, without seeing as big a scintillation as anything in English literature up to, let us say, the Civil War. It was not revived even in the great and wonderful personality of Milton. It was not seen throughout the rest of the seventeenth century, nor in the eighteenth century—that spring-time so full of sap, unexpectedness, and, I repeat, so surprising.

The years went by and that remarkable period when everything was doubly alive weakened, gradually weakened, to a decent and quiet and comparative mediocrity. I think I once wrote about this, using that expression. The work of the Reformation had been accomplished and England, from being a true child of great culture, had retreated within her insular confines and become a narrow province of culture, thinking, singing and writing of little but of England, Home and Beauty. That was the history of literature in our country after the close of the Elizabethan period.

Open a page of Marlowe, of Webster, open a page of *The Faithful Shepherdess*—I am not talking about Shakespeare : Shakespeare is on a peak by himself : there is no one to compare with him—open *The Duchess of Malfi* and read what she has to say before she is strangled. Compare that with anything of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries and you will realise that however accomplished, exquisite or attractive our literature is in many ways—and delightful—it is a different world of men and women, a world of human beings. In the first instance, they are one hundred per cent. alive ; in the other only fifty per cent. is alive, thinking, living and feeling on a somewhat lower scale of sensitivity.

Now, let us look at the rest of the world in the nineteenth century. I am going to advance for Charles Dickens a higher claim than the one I have. It was my privilege, as a young man, to read virtually all the nineteenth-century literature of France, of Germany, of Scandinavia and of Russia, and I want very briefly to draw your attention to certain distinguishing characteristics in that literature. I do not wish to instruct you, as I have never instructed anybody in my life—I

have never tried to, and never could. The literature that followed the French Revolution and the revival of the Monarchy, typified by Lamartine, Victor Hugo and others, was described by that greatest of critics—and I do acknowledge that there have been such, but not in this country—that greatest of international critics, Goethe, as the literature of despair.

I may say, generally speaking, that nine-tenths of the literature of the continent of Europe in the nineteenth century, together with a great deal of its music, has been an art of despair. It has despaired of human progress ; it has despaired of human happiness and it has looked at life with one eye alone. One of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century is, in the last analysis, somewhat of a pessimist—a man for whom I have the greatest admiration as a craftsman ; I refer to Ibsen.

The greatest music of the latter part of the nineteenth century represents the sunset, the dying sunset, of a four hundred years' culture. The art of Europe, in the second part of the nineteenth century in particular, has represented a sombre colour, an ever growing, darkening colour of pessimism, whether philosophical, musical, literary or anything else, pictorial or otherwise.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you, looking at that picture, to look back upon the great, joyous days of Elizabethan literature, or the Spanish literature of that date, and we see that although we English did not join at all in this chorus of pessimism in the eighteenth century, we were a subdued people, content to move along on a lower plane of being. The end of the century altered all that ; just as into music came the divinely inspired, the greatest inspired, musician the world has ever known—Mozart, there came from the north a great novelist, Scott, who recorded the middle ages, and we had the extraordinary figures in the poetical world of Byron, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. We still, however, lacked something in our national life and literature. We had the countryside painted in words and story by men like Fielding. We had pleasing, agreeable and soothing romance ; we had the slightly acid, shall we say, liveliness of men like Smollett ; and we had about a dozen admirable characterisations and pen pictures of personalities by Walter Scott. We have, through the nineteenth century, when people began to read novels and did nothing else, had people writing fairly good stories. We have novelists like Anthony Trollope, who finds a certain side of English life the most perfect thing the world had ever known ; it had never changed ; it could not be anything better ; and, like the gentlemen with fifty-nine variations on one theme, he was quite happy to go on doing it. Here are thirty or forty novels on the same thing. Even if you open one or another of them, I defy anyone to discover which book he is in. It is the same with Harrison Ainsworth's historical novels, or Wilkie Collins, a pleasing little mystery writer. But the antithesis to and complement of, in prose, the great Elizabethan period had yet to make his appearance. What was it that Charles Dickens did ? What distinguishes, above everything else, the great Elizabethan period of drama, as well as prose writing ? This—beyond the capacity of any other nation—the creation of character. Shakespeare, Webster, Marlowe, Fletcher, Dekker, every one of them yielded thousands of unforgettable lines of verse, which every child in this country should have on his lips, but, thanks to the worst system of education in the world, has not.

Apart from that magnificent heritage of creation of hundreds of characters of great originality, comicality, eccentricity, idiosyncracy—a wealth of creation that no dramatic literature, not even that of France, can equal—we come to the nineteenth century, the era of novel writing, the era of novel reading, and the great public of England awaited its

prose Messiah, just as the last half of the sixteenth century awaited its poetic Messiah—and got it.

Now, all things come to those who know how to wait, and I am suggesting that the reading public of the nineteenth century was not so despicable or unworthy as some people would have us believe. Otherwise, there would not have been the demand for the successful circulations of men like Dickens and Thackeray.

But I am asked to speak to the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens, and when I repeat he is the most representative Englishman of his century, I claim his achievement above all politicians, all historians, whoever they be—Macaulay or Green—all philosophers, whether they are Herbert Spencer or Huxley. He has contributed more to celebrate, to illustrate and reveal, by his art, the life of this country, to more people on this earth, than any writer since the time of William Shakespeare.

I remember with an affection I cherish, even with tenderness, my first reading of many famous books in French literature, Russian literature, Scandinavian literature—in fact, all literature, with the possible exception of American literature, and even there, there are certain books I shall never forget and certain poems I shall never forget. But I am thinking of a man, I don't care who he is, whether it is Balzac, or whether it is de Maupassant, whether it is Tolstoi or Dostoevsky or even Turgenev, I am thinking of a man's capacity to see his world as a whole in all its aspects, not one aspect, not a corner of the world, tortured, harassed, full of problems from morning till night. I like to think of the man who also has the sunshine, as well as the shadow, who realises that humanity is capable of great happiness, as well as sorrow. In other words, as Matthew Arnold looks at life, steadily and as a whole. And of all the novelists of the nineteenth century, Dickens is the only one who combines in himself the capacity always to remember that, at a certain time of the day and year, the sun was shining, and in one hundred years would be shining, in a thousand years would still be shining, and that there was hope for humanity.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think of many writers. I think of them as partisans ; I think of them as reformers ; I think of them as men with an idea in their heads, devoted in a doctrinaire way, in an artistic way, to a certain theme. For instance, the great Balzac devoted his time for many years to a picture of what he considered life in Paris and elsewhere. I have read these books. I must tell you quite frankly that I am fairly well acquainted with French life—in the capital and in the provinces—and I question really whether Balzac gives a true picture of the times. Certainly, the accounts and the descriptions of Balzac's characters differ very materially from those by other writers.

With regard to Charles Dickens, many things have been alleged against him. The critics have been busy, very busy. Criticism has been made of his style as a prose writer ; criticism has been made of his plots, of his characters, which, it is alleged, are caricatures and exaggerations, and I don't know what else. It was even asserted, many years ago, that Charles Dickens never wrote about a lady or never knew a lady. How many ladies did Shakespeare write about ? A great nineteenth century philosopher declared that quite the most preposterous institution of modern life was the European lady ; but British critics will have it that writers must write about ladies. Charles Dickens did nothing of the sort, thank goodness ! He wrote about women—that much more valuable and meritorious creation of Providence than the ladies.

Now, what about his style, his plots ? There was a famous gentleman called Thomas Ryder, who, a few years after the death of Shakespeare, declared that all plots of Shakespeare were worthless and no good at

all. I am acquainted with the style of Charles Dickens and I know only one writer who can compare with him for eloquence or vigour and getting to the point with lightning movements, and that is Victor Hugo. Compare the introduction, the opening chapters of any book of Dickens and then go and read Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles* or *Quatre-vingt-treize*. These contain the same lightning movements, like the finale of a Mozart symphony. Until Charles Dickens's time we had the leisurely methods of the old novelists, who devoted three chapters, as Scott did, to a description of various scenes and people. By the time one reaches the tenth chapter, the plot begins. Charles Dickens was the first British novelist who, on the first page, starts his plot in sentences you never forget. Like an opera of Puccini—*La Bohème*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Tosca*—the curtain goes up and the drama has begun. A most useful talent, I may say, for people who have not much time to read. Don't let us hear any more about the style of Charles Dickens, for if so, that will be like criticising the prose writings of Milton, Balzac and Victor Hugo.

I repeat that, in Dickens, you find a wealth of invention, a profusion of characters, more characters than any writer of fiction—be he poet or prose writer—has brought into the world and blessed it with since the time of Shakespeare. Of what other writer can that be said?

You have the voice, more than anywhere else, of fancy, of creation, of genius, and an undoubted wealth of powers, in Charles Dickens, to whose immortal memory I am humbly proud to pay a tribute.

The toast of the visitors was proposed by Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh and replied to by Mr. W. Macqueen Pope. Lady Cynthia Asquith proposed the health of the Chairman, and in his reply the President made graceful reference to the fact that this was his last appearance in that rôle, expressing the great pleasure which the exercise of his office had afforded him. During the evening, another guest, Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley, gave some passages from *David Copperfield* with telling effect.

A NEW ARTICLE BY DICKENS

SCOTT AND HIS PUBLISHERS

from *The Examiner*, September 2nd, 1838
With a Note by K. J. Fielding

Although the following review has not been reprinted before, there can be no question that Dickens was its author. His two later reviews for the *Examiner* of pamphlets in the same controversy, the following year, were included under the title of *Scott and his Publishers*, in the *Miscellaneous Papers*, by B. W. Matz (1908). The first of these, which appeared March 31st, 1839, was a review of a pamphlet by J. G. Lockhart, *The Ballantyne Humbug Handled*; and the second, which was published on September 29th, was of the *Reply To Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet*. No manuscript of either of these survives in the Forster Collection, and they were ascribed to Dickens entirely on the authority of Forster's statement in the *Life*

> . . . Between the completion of *Oliver* and its publication, Dickens went to see something of North Wales; and joining him at Liverpool, I returned with him. Soon after his arrival he had pleasant communication with Lockhart, dining with him at Cruikshank's a little later; and this was the prelude to a *Quarterly* review of *Oliver* . . . in which amends were made for a previous less favourable notice in that review. Dickens had not however waited for this to express publicly his hearty sympathy with Lockhart's handling of some passages in his admirable *Life of Scott* that had drawn down upon him the wrath of the Ballantynes. This he did in the *Examiner*.*

* Book II, Chapter V. He left for Wales early in October and returned early in November.

Forster's comment, however, is ambiguous; for whether Dickens did not wait for the meeting with Lockhart, or for the more favourable notice in the *Quarterly* is not made clear. If it were the former, then the public expression of his sympathy with Lockhart must clearly refer to the first review, of September, 1838. On the other hand, both Kitton and Matz simply assumed that Forster meant that the expression of "hearty sympathy" in the *Examiner*, merely preceded the notice in the *Quarterly*; and since this did not appear until June, 1839, they overlooked or ignored the earlier notice of the previous year.

Fortunately the whole question is placed beyond dispute by one of Dickens's letters in the MSS. of the Victoria and Albert Museum Library:

DOUGHTY STREET
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Forster

I inclose you a review—very moderate in tone, if not in length—of the Ballantyne pamphlet, together with a volume of Lockhart for a short extract. I have thought it better not to make use of anything I know from the Hogarths, and have taken all the facts from the refutation itself. I hope you may like it.

As I sat down to it yesterday morning, Oliver is still in waiting.

I forgot to say to you (as I intended last Sunday) that if you want any plate for the forthcoming Sabbath, of course our chest is at your service.

Believe me always
Faithfully Yours

John Forster Esquire. CHARLES DICKENS

The letter is undated; but the reference to "Oliver" shows it to have been probably written in 1838, and the mention of "the refutation" must refer to the pamphlet then under review. Finally, as this is the only one of the reviews to quote—at any length—a passage from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* it must have been the one with which this letter and the "volume of Lockhart" were sent.

The manuscripts of Dickens's articles for the *Examiner* show it to have been the usual practice to require the printer to "take in" the longer quotations from the work under review. The third pamphlet of the series, in the Forster Collection, even appears to have been the actual copy that Dickens used, and marked for the printer, bracketing the passage to be quoted and underlining the phrase to be printed in italics.

If there were ever any doubt that the other two articles in the series were his work, this might be quoted in support of their authenticity; but there can be no question that all three were Dickens's work.

K. J. FIELDING.

Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne. By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne. Longman, London; Black, Edinburgh.

This pamphlet—most fortunately, as we cannot help thinking, for its authors—makes its appearance under circumstances calculated, if not to disarm criticism, at least to blunt its sharpness. The feeling which prompts it is one with which the public generally cannot fail to sympathise, inasmuch as it is the laudable and natural desire to vindicate the character of a deceased friend and relation.

There is an old proverb, however, about good intentions and the place they pave, not altogether inapplicable to this production. That its authors, losing sight of their intentions, and the most probable method of inducing right-minded persons to respect them, have conceived their "Refutation" in a violent spirit, and clothed it in coarse and irritating terms, must be obvious to every reader. We hold that neither its manner nor its matter is at all likely to serve the object sought to be attained. We think indiscriminate and blustering abuse of Mr. Lockhart, and the constant endeavour to fix upon that gentleman the guilt of wilful falsehood or concealment of the truth, as little

calculated to impeach the veracity of his narrative as the production of a few unexplained and isolated items from the Trust accounts is calculated to throw any clear or satisfactory light upon the so much talked of and so very complicated partnership affairs of Ballantyne and Company.

Before proceeding to the matter of this pamphlet, let us illustrate our objection to the manner. In the very outset there is something excessively disgusting and offensive in the selection of a few most affecting words—among the last Scott spoke—for the motto :—

> " ' Lockhart,' said Sir Walter Scott, when his son-in-law was called to his death-bed, ' I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' "

This is a touching fragment of a most solemn scene. The dying words of Scott should be held more sacred, and not caught for the motto of a personal controversy, because a vulgar point may be made in the first page, and an empty boast held out how the refuters will show that Mr. Lockhart is neither virtuous, religious, nor good. It is an unworthy and indecent proceeding, and the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne should, of all people living, have known better than to resort to it.

As further specimens of the style which pervades the pamphlet, we would cite the constant use of such terms as " foul aspersions "—" misstatements and calumnies "—" libellous misrepresentations "—" bitter personalities "—" pandering to a depraved taste "—" cruel and ridiculous distortions "—" vulgar wit and ribald exaggeration "—" scandalously abused "—" gross and libellous caricature "—and many other expressions of similar scurrility, which will be found plentifully scattered over almost every page.

The matter, which from its want of arrangement it is no easy task to make an abstract of, appears to resolve itself into two heads. First, that Mr. Lockhart designedly and with malice aforethought has, in his biography of Sir Walter Scott, sought every opportunity of blackening the character of Messrs. Ballantyne, and of holding them up to vulgar ridicule and merriment ; and, secondly, that he has, by a falsification of the accounts of the printing firm (intentional in part, and in part arising from his ignorance), attempted to practise upon the credulity of his readers, by leading them to believe that Scott's embarrassments were in some degree occasioned by his business connexion with the Messrs. Ballantyne, and not wholly and solely by his love of improving Abbotsford, his passion for land, his fondness for old books and old armour, and the most signal and extraordinary improvidence.

With reference to the first charge—that of holding up the Messrs. Ballantyne to ridicule—we must say, without the least intention of wounding the feelings of any surviving member of their family, that the Messrs. Ballantyne seem all along greatly to have mistaken their own position. Mr. James Ballantyne was a respectable small tradesman, doing business originally in the small town of Kelso, whence he gladly removed to Edinburgh, in compliance with the invitation of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. John Ballantyne had succeeded his father in the business of " a dealer in goods of all sorts," or in one branch of the business—what branch it was we are not informed—and kept a shop in Kelso from 1795 to 1805, when he went to settle in Edinburgh, where his brother James was then established. The brothers had been well educated. Mr. James Ballantyne corrected the proof-sheets of the Waverley Novels, and wrote criticisms thereupon to Scott as they passed through the press—not always, we think, with a precise recollection of their relative positions in the world of letters, or with

the most delicate regard to Sir Walter's state of health or spirits at the moment. He was, however, a gentleman by manners and acquirements, and wrote theatrical critiques in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, of which he was a proprietor.

Now it is perfectly clear to the most obtuse person in existence that the whole importance of Mr. James Ballantyne, or his brother, or both, was solely and wholly derived from their connection with Scott; that but for Scott Mr. James Ballantyne would have lived and died a printer in Kelso; that but for Scott Mr. John Ballantyne would have lived and died in the one branch of the business of the dealer in goods of all sorts; that but for Scott nobody but the worthy burghers of Kelso, and perchance a few friends or relatives in Edinburgh, would have had the smallest curiosity or interest in the Messrs. Ballantyne's affairs. Then what means the grandiloquent declaration of this pamphlet, that Mr. Lockhart has pandered "to that depraved taste which gloats over all sorts of revelations calculated to *lower to the level of the vulgar herd those who had before appeared to occupy elevated stations*!"—and why the soreness occasioned by Mr. Lockhart's presuming to call the Messrs. Ballantyne "printers," or "the Ballantynes"; speaking and writing of them as other most respectable persons in the same way of busines are spoken and written of every day? If Sir Walter Scott, in the kindness of his nature and that comprehensive goodness of heart which extended itself to everything and everybody within the sphere of his influence, distinguished Mr. James Ballantyne by his intimacy and honoured his board with his presence, his descendants should be only too proud to trace their deceased relative's notoriety to its true source. And they should entertain too much respect for the memory of the great man who thus distinguished him, and by pale reflection them, to presume to discuss his expenditure, and comment on the tastes he indulged, as if they were his equal, or as if his wishes and aspirations could be bounded by the measure of their own.

In fact, so far as Mr. James Ballantyne is concerned, we take Mr. Lockhart's real offence to have been simply this—that throughout his biography he has [properly] considered him as a man made by Scott, having no previous or other existence as a public man, and achieving his position in society solely through his means, and by the magic of his name. We confess that we think Mr. Lockhart might have abstained from the frequent use of the nicknames applied to the Messrs. Ballantyne, but it is no great stretch of imagination to assume that knowing them to have been bestowed by Scott in moments of thoughtlessness and good humour, he preserved them rather as little traits of his cheerfulness and hilarity to those by whom he was surrounded, than as throwing any slight or disparagement upon those gentlemen. The soreness upon this head again is only an additional proof to us that the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne always appear to consider *him* the great object of interest with Mr. Lockhart's readers, and to forget that he is only interesting as a second or third-rate actor in the sad drama of Scott's life and death.

With regard to the description of Mr. James Ballantyne's dinners, his manner, or his speeches, we see nothing whatever in it, at which any sensible man would feel disposed to take umbrage. We rose from the perusal of those portions of Mr. Lockhart's book, at the time they appeared, with anything but an unfavourable impression of Mr. James Ballantyne, and certainly without the remotest idea that the lively sketches were conceived or executed in an ill-natured spirit.

In the early history of Mr. John Ballantyne, Mr. Lockhart appears to have been led into some errors—not very important, however, if we except the statement that his goods were once sold in Kelso for the benefit of his creditors. This is denied in the pamphlet before us,

but the denial is so brief and so strictly confined to the terms of Mr. Lockhart's assertion, that it leaves us in some doubt whether Mr. John Ballantyne did not at that time *compound* with his creditors, which would reduce Mr. Lockhart's mistake very considerably. From the evidence produced on both sides it would appear pretty clear that Scott was angry with him one day, and in good-humour another, as the vexations and exigencies of the business arose and vanished. There are very few persons placed in the same positions with reference to each other for any length of time, whose correspondence would not present similar contradictions.

Of this gentleman, then, we will only say that it is evident from all the circumstances in which he was an actor, as well as from Sir Walter Scott's own letter (quoted in this pamphlet with a complimentary passage in large capitals as a distinct proposition, and the preliminary "*if*" in the usual type) that he was not a man of business; that his want of knowledge of, or want of attention to business, seriously involved his partners on several occasions; and that both to him and his brother, Mr. Lockhart bears honourable testimony in the following passage:—

> The early history of Scott's connexion with the Ballantynes has been already given in abundant detail; and I have felt it my duty not to shrink, at whatever pain to my own feelings or those of others, from setting down, plainly and distinctly, my own impressions of the characters, manners, and conduct of those two very dissimilar brothers. I find, without surprise, that my representations of them have not proved satisfactory to their surviving relations. That I cannot help—though I sincerely regret, having been compelled, in justice to Scott, to become the instrument for opening old wounds in kind bosoms, animated, I doubt not, like my own, by veneration for his memory, and respected by me for combining that feeling with a tender concern for names so intimately connected with his throughout long years of mutual confidence. But I have been entirely mistaken if those to whom I allude, or any others of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine as designed to cast the slightest imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. No suspicion of that nature ever crossed my mind. I believe James to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man: that his principles were of a lofty stamp—his feelings pure even to simplicity. His brother John had many amiable as well as amusing qualities, and I am far from wishing to charge even him with any deep or deliberate malversation. Sir Walter's own epithet of "my little picaroon" indicates all that I desired to imply on that score. But John was, from mere giddiness of head and temper, incapable of conducting any serious business advantageously, either for himself or for others; nor dare I hesitate to express my conviction that, from failings of a different sort, honest James was hardly a better manager than the picaroon."

Much is attempted to be made in the "Refutation," of Mr. Lockhart's use of this word "Picaroon," and the meaning he intended it to bear, which, it is angrily contended, is an "odious imputation." These passages at least might have been spared, since Mr. Lockhart here distinctly shows that he does not understand the term as implying any deep or deliberate malversation. A great deal is said, too, about Mr. Lockhart's writing to Mr. James Ballantyne on his death-bed, for his recollections of Scott, and calling them "precious." That he really considered them so is sufficiently proved by their insertion in the Biography. There is a note of admiration, too, because Mr. Lockhart subscribes himself "Truly and cordially yours," and a dozen lines of great declamation, terminating with the remark that "these letters require no commentary"—in which we quite concur.

With regard to the second charge, the falsification of accounts by Mr. Lockhart, intentionally or in ignorance, to blacken and defame the Messrs. Ballantyne, we shall offer but very few words. An article in the *Standard*, as ably-written as it was justly felt, called forth by a

groundless charge in this same pamphlet, forcibly pointed out the very unsatisfactory nature of any more extracts from accounts of such magnitude extending over so many years, and further reminded the reader that this "Refutation" assumed that when Sir Walter Scott first became connected with the Ballantynes he had no private means or fortune whatever; which was notoriously untrue. In the confusion and entanglement of these affairs Mr. Lockhart may very possibly have fallen into some technical mistakes relative to bills; but that he has in the main, in any material degree, perverted the sum and substance of the matters of account between Scott and Messrs. Ballantyne we do not believe. We have no satisfactory evidence to show us that he has; and we have the strong presumptive evidence of his position, his character, and the mode in which he has executed his task (never unduly exalting Scott, but, in his desire to be impartial, sometimes leaning more than we should have supposed necessary the other way), that he has not.

Besides which, and we would impress what we are about to say most strongly on the reader, let these considerations never be lost sight of—that the firm was to all intents and purposes, Scott, and Scott alone; that without his support it never could have crawled through one lingering year; that it existed in the full height and zenith of his fame, and had the incalculable advantage of producing before the world the most brilliant and successful of his creations; that if Sir Walter Scott drew his means of subsistence from its funds, Mr. James Ballantyne likewise drew his for many years, during which he lived in an elegant manner, and mingled with expensive society; and that if Sir Walter Scott had "an ambition to become a landed proprietor and endow a family," as this pamphlet with some impertinence remarks, he had, of all men living, a right to entertain it. Foremost and unapproachable in the bright world of fiction, gifted with a vivacity and range of invention scarcely ever equalled, and never (but in the case of Shakespeare) exceeded; endowed, as never fabled enchanter was, with spells to conjure up the past, and to give to days and men of old the spirit and freshness of yesterday; to strip Religion of her gloom, Virtue of her austerity, and present them both in such attractive forms that you could not choose but love them—combining with all these things a degree of worldly success never before attained through the same path, and coining gold with the rapidity even of *his* thought—who ever had a right, if Scott had not, to look to the endowment of those who bore his great name, and to encourage the ambition of raising an edifice whence he might gaze with swelling heart on scenes he had painted in colours scarcely less glowing than those in which they lay spread out before him; where his children might be reared in that land of which every glen and rock and blade of heather bore the impress of his genius; and through whose halls his descendants of the third and fourth generation might one day lead pilgrims from some of the many lands to which his works had penetrated, and show them where He lived and died.

Let us hear no more dissertations when Mr. James Ballantyne knew, and when he ceased to know, that Abbotsford stood between him and ruin. The owner of Abbotsford had stood between him and ruin for many long years, and that is enough.

THE BOOKS FOR STUDY NEXT SEASON ARE:
THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
AND
SKETCHES BY BOZ

THE COMPOSITION OF *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By John Butt

Continued from page 94

Part IV. August, 1849.

Chapters X-XII. Written [?] during the first fortnight of July, 1849.

I argued in a previous article (*The Dickensian*, 1949, pp. 129-34) that the memoranda in the plan for Number IV, reproduced on pp. 132-3, were written before the chapters were composed. The memorandum on the left-hand side is significantly short: "What I know so well." Although Dickens had already used autobiographical material in Part II (Chapter IV) describing the books in the attic at Blunderstone, he relies here in Chapter XI even more heavily on his past experiences. A great part of the autobiography he had already written was worked into the novel at this point, and the manuscript accordingly shows unusually few corrections. "I really think I have done it ingeniously," he wrote to Forster on July 10th, "and with a very complicated interweaving of truth and fiction. Vous verrez. I am getting on like a house afire in point of health, and ditto ditto in point of number".

The memoranda provide little guidance on other points. Dickens was not accustomed to sketch his characters in these Number Plans. Accordingly "Mr. & Mrs. Micawber" and "The young man with the donkey cart" stand starkly with no indication of how they will develop under his hand. Much more surprising is to find no record of Em'ly's interest in the account which David and Mr. Peggotty give of Steerforth.

Part V. September, 1849

Chapters XIII-XV. Finished and proofs read by August 22nd, 1849.

The moves which Dickens told Forster he had ready for Parts IV and V were possibly the recital of David's experiences at Murdstone and Grinby's and the flight to Aunt Betsey. Dickens had left David at the end of Part IV, robbed by the young man with the donkey cart, "taking very little more out of the world, towards the retreat of my aunt . . . than I had brought into it, on the night when my arrival gave her so much umbrage." His first duty to his readers was to resume the flight which the demands of the serial form had interrupted at so important a juncture. Indeed the prospect opening upon David—the new home and its inmates, the dismissal of the Murdstones, and the preparation for a new start at Canterbury—required a Number to itself. Once more the memoranda are quite brief, indicating perhaps that Dickens saw clearly every turn in the path before him. The preparatory notes on the left-hand side read as follows:—"Chatham—Canterbury Sunshine/Tramps—pints of beer ?/ *Your sister*, *Betsey Trotwood*/Mr Dick's history ? qy. *Yes*, *very briefly by Miss Betsey*/Donkies/Miss Murdstone comes on a donkey/Mr. Dick and his memorial/His delusion /Introduction of the real heroine/."

There are two points of interest here. The query about Mr. Dick's history seems to imply a doubt whether this was the right moment to relate it. Dickens may well have been faced with the temptation o

making a mystery of Mr. Dick's past. This would have involved the provision of a group of subordinate characters related to Mr. Dick and the whole apparatus of a sub-plot. Dickens was never averse to such additional complication, but in his mature work a mystery was of interest only in so far as it clarified another purpose originating in the mystery, as Lady Dedlock's mystery clarifies the inescapable responsibility of her social class for the condition of such a slum as Tom-all-alones'. Now the purpose of Mr. Dick is to illustrate and commend such humane treatment of the partly imbecile as Betsey Trotwood administers. It was not beyond Dickens's powers to demonstrate this point by means of a mystery; but he may have reflected that this point could be made equally clear without, and furthermore that by revealing Aunt Betsey's treatment of Mr. Dick at this point he contributed effectively to the exposition of her character on which he was then engaged.

It has often been pointed out that Mr. Dick's topical* obsession with King Charles's head replaced the Bull in the China Shop at proof stage. But an even more significant alteration in proof has, I think, escaped notice. David's original vision of Mr. Dick was of "a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a grey head, putting his tongue out against the glass, and carrying it across the pane and back again; who when his eyes caught mine, squinted at me in a most terrible manner, laughed, and went away." The tongue is removed in proof, and the terrible squint is softened to an eye "shut up . . . in a grotesque manner." If Dickens had not softened this description, he might well have been charged as Coleridge charged Wordsworth in "The Idiot Boy" for not taking sufficient care "to preclude from the reader's fancy the disgusting images of *ordinary morbid idiocy*, which yet it was by no means his intention to represent."

The second point of interest in the memoranda is the note, "Introduction of the real heroine." We are perhaps justified in deducing from these words that Agnes Wickfield is to serve not merely as David's "good angel," a rôle in which David commends her performance all too frequently, but that she is eventually to become his wife. A "real" heroine also implies an illusory heroine, and though Dickens may have been thinking of Em'ly in that part, it is more probable that he already had Dora Spenlow in mind. If Agnes, then, as the real heroine is destined to marry David eventually, Dora is equally clearly destined to make way for her. Yet Forster tells us (II, 452) that in the latter part of the story "his principal hesitation occurred in connection with the child-wife Dora, who had become a great favourite as he went on," and this is confirmed by a letter of May 7th, 1850, written during the course of Part XIV, "Still undecided about Dora, but MUST decide to-day." We can account for this hesitation as an attempt to avoid a harsh but necessary decision made at an earlier stage; or we may prefer to contemplate a truly Dickensian alternative.† Had Dora been allowed to live, Agnes might have maintained her part as "the real heroine," by educating Dora, by superintending the household, and by caring for the children, the very part which Georgina Hogarth was playing in Dickens's own family. Such a development in the novel, though attractive, would have been embarrassingly close to life; but it would have had the advantage of saving Dora, and Dickens may well have discussed this possibility before deciding upon Dora's fate.

* 1849, as Mrs. Kathleen Tillotson reminds me, was the bicentenary year of Charles I's execution.

† I owe this suggestion to Mrs. Kathleen Tillotson.

Part VI. October, 1849.

Chapters XVI-XVIII. Finished about September 20th, 1849.

This Number Plan* is appreciably more elaborate than the last and shows that the story demanded more detailed planning at this stage. It is not difficult to see why this should have been. Two new themes are introduced—the themes of Dr. and Mrs. Strong and Jack Maldon and of Uriah Heep's ambitions—whose connection with David's story are of great and far-reaching complexity.

The Strong-Maldon theme engages his first attention. At first sight its relationship either to David's story or to the story of Steerforth and Em'ly may seem remote, but when in Number XV Dickens eventually explains what has been happening, we find that Annie's experiences bear upon David's affection for Dora. His eyes are opened by her words to see that he too has suffered "the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart." I have little doubt that this was Dickens's original intention, although in Part VI his readers have not yet so much as heard of Dora. The theme of The Undisciplined Heart had been suggested long before Dora appears'† David told Em'ly in Chapter III that he "adored her, and that unless she confessed she adored me I should be reduced to the necessity of killing myself with a sword." His love for the eldest Miss Larkins was as extravagantly expressed. "If the eldest Miss Larkins would drive a triumphal car down the High Street, and allow me to throw myself under the wheels as an offering to her beauty, I should be proud to be trampled under her horses' feet."‡ Before Miss Larkins there had been Miss Shepherd, "the one pervading theme and vision of my life." And before Miss Shepherd, Agnes: "I love little Em'ly, and I don't love Agnes—no.

* The left hand side reads:

The good old Doctor & the young wife. Dictionary.
Uriah Heep? qy *Yes*
Mr. Micawber? qy *Yes. And Mrs.*
"Turn his attention to coals." THE MEDWAY COAL TRADE.
Mr. Micawber's letter.
THE PROGRESS FROM CHILDHOOD TO YOUTH
My Aunt? qy *No. Only generally.*
Mr. Dick? qy *Yes With the Dr.*
Peggotty's halfguinea to be repaid.
Mems for the Progress.
The cathedral.
Miss Wilkins—. NO. SHEPHERD.
Head boy.
Tail-coat.
Loving a grown woman, much too old.

The right hand side reads:

CHAPTER XVI.
I AM A NEW BOY MORE SENSES THAN ONE
Doctor Strong's.
The Doctor and his young wife.
Mr. Jack Maldon. *Wife's Mother. The old soldier.*
Mr. Wickfield & Agnes.
Uriah Heep.
Mr. Jack Maldon's going away. The cherry colored ribbon.
Close *with her face.*
CHAPTEN XVII.
SOMEBODY TURNS UP
Mr. Dick—The man who frightens my aunt.
Mr. Dick & the Doctor walking up & down.
Uriah Heep and his mother.
Their lemon-squeezing process.
MR. & MRS. MICAWBER. Mr. Micawber makes Uriah's acquaintance.
CHAPTER XVIII.
A RETROSPECT
Two loves.
Miss Shepherd. In the responses—put her in among the Royal family.
Fight with a butcher.
Growing up—Agnes grows up.
In love with the eldest Miss Larkins ring—Bear's grease—&c. &c.

In all probability the notes on the right hand side were written after correcting proofs, for it is only at proof stage that the title of Chapter XVII was changed from "My new life in general, and an unexpected appearance in it" to "Somebody turns up."

† Here and at several other points I owe much to the valuable suggestions made by a class of my students at King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne.

‡ This passage was removed from Chapter XVIII at proof stage.

not at all in that way—but I feel that there are goodness, peace, and truth, wherever Agnes is." The distinction is already clear between the "rock" on which his later love was founded and the first mistaken impulses of his undisciplined heart.

Annie Strong's experiences serve to enforce this point. She too had been deceived by childish love. When Doctor Strong's proposal was made, she was as little able as David to recognise the future source of her happiness. "'Mama,' she said, crying."—the report is Mrs. Markleham's—"'I am extremely young . . . and I hardly know if I have a heart at all.'" But in this same chapter (Chapter XVI)—the very chapter in which David fails to recognise the substance of his love for Agnes—Annie Strong is brought by Jack Maldon's behaviour to recognise the difference between her old feelings for him and what she has since learned to feel for the Doctor. Jack Maldon's behaviour on leaving for India aroused that look of "Penitence, humiliation, shame, pride, love, and trustfulness" with which she regarded the Doctor and which David was to remember "a long time afterwards."

When at last David falls in love with Dora, the reader feels no surprise because Dickens had foreseen the quality of that love as far back as Parts I, V, and VI, and had prepared his readers' mind for it in the way I have indicated.

Did he also foresee the use of Mr. Dick to effect the reconciliation between Dr. and Mrs. Strong in Part XV? We cannot be certain, though we may suspect that he did by his placing Dr. Strong and Mr. Dick in such close association. The picture of these two men, each with his harmless obsession, "walking together by the hour, on that side of the courtyard which was known among us as The Doctor's Walk," is a pleasing contribution to the pattern of the novel. It seems to suggest, as gently as possible, that the Doctor's notion of compiling a dictionary is as futile as Mr. Dick's notion of writing a memorial, and as little likely to be completed. We must also bear in mind Dickens's purpose in creating Mr. Dick [see above, p. 129]. If he was aware of the best contemporary treatment of lunacy, we may be sure of his ultimate intention of showing Mr. Dick employed in the humane office of reconciling husband and wife.*

We may also detect in the Strong episode and in other episodes of this Number a repetition of a leading motif of the story.† In each of the prominent themes we notice a shadow cast upon a scene of domestic happiness: the Murdstones' shadow darkens the happiness of Blunderstone Rookery, and Steerforth is to darken the Peggottys' happiness. In the same way Jack Maldon casts his shadow over the Strongs, and Mr. Dick reveals to David—at greater length before proofs showed that cuts were necessary—that an unknown man has been frightening Aunt Betsey. Uriah Heep's ambitions are announced lightly but surely, and they will cast their shadow over the happiness of Agnes and her father.

The memoranda reveal Dickens's uncertainty of using either Uriah or Mr. Micawber at this stage; yet the pointedness of the coincidence by which Micawber discovers David at tea with the Heeps suggests that Dickens, in the moment of plotting Uriah's schemes, provides an instrument for unveiling them.

Part VII. November, 1849.

Chapters XIX-XXI. Finished about October 20th, 1849.

This is a brilliant and confident Number, showing Dickens in full

* Mrs. Tillotson has drawn my attention to the following passage in a review published in *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1855, of Tennyson's *Maud*: "The wonders which have been worked of late years, even in idiots and cretins, simply by drawing out their humanity, by interesting them and employing them, by giving them something to love, something to do, seem to open a boundless door of hope . . ."

† Once again I owe a suggestion to Mrs. Tillotson.

sail with no apparent hesitation about the course before him. But the Number Plan [reproduced in *The Dickensian,* June, 1949, pp. 136-7] reveals once more that Dickens took his direction immediately before writing the Number, and took it not without considerable deliberation. This is what a closer examination of the Number itself would lead us to suspect for, admirably complete though it is as a unit, it is full of foreshadowings of future doom.

The Number is largely concerned with Steerforth, and Dickens therefore finds it appropriate to dispose in the first chapter (Chapter XIX) of the Canterbury scene which had been the subject of Part VI.* David has left school and goes away for a change of scene to make up his mind on choosing a profession. Dickens must therefore take a last look at two themes which he is not likely to resume for a few months. When David goes to take leave of Agnes she mentions her anxiety about the "gradual alteration in Papa" and Uriah's growing ascendency. The episode is short, but it serves its purpose. We may observe, however, that Dickens was forced to expunge in proof two paragraphs† describing a dinner with Mr. Wickfield, which adds some slight emphasis to the points made in David's conversation with Agnes. The other theme is the Strong-Maldon theme; and after looking at that, Dickens is ready to take David up to London for his reunion with Steerforth.

The Number Plan shows Dickens in doubt whether to use Steerforth and his mother, Little Em'ly, Littimer (whose name he had not yet determined), Mr. Mell, and "The two partners." He decides against Mr. Mell, who would presumably have served once more to illustrate Steerforth's churlishness, and "the two partners," Spenlow and Jorkins—though they had not yet received those names—are deferred until Part VIII. The remaining characters are employed and form the staple of chapters XX and XXI. Other characters enter, too, but since Little Em'ly's appearance involves the reappearance of the Peggotty, Barkis, and Omer households, Dickens finds no need to mention them specifically. It is perhaps surprising that though Littimer is mentioned in the memoranda, Rosa Dartle is not. But Littimer is to become an important agent: "He was very often by," says David, in a passage which Dickens was forced to cut out in proof: "for his attention to Steerforth, at all times, was most remarkable. Without obtruding it, or watching him, he seemed to have the power of divining his wants, and supplying them at the very moment when it was agreeable to him that they should be supplied. He never showed the least sense of there being anything meritorious in this: neither did his master." Miss Dartle, on the other hand, is a passive figure in the plot: she serves in this Number as a sort of chorus to make sarcastic comments on the brutalities of Steerforth's opinions.

The future is foreshadowed in the Yarmouth gossip, retailed to David by Mr. Omer and Minnie, that Em'ly had not been keeping "to her station in life" and that she "wanted to be a lady . . . to do so and so for her uncle—don't you see?—and buy him such and such fine things." It is forsehadowed even more significantly in Steerforth's remark that "the sea roars as if it were hungry for us." Steerforth is represented once more with masterly irony: indeed the presentation, if not the conception, of this character is among Dickens's great achievements. He is a figure of undoubted charm, and it is a pity that Dickens found it necessary to cut the capital scene in which Steerforth persuades Mrs. Gummidge (Chapter XXI) from "thinking of the old 'un." But for all this superficial fascination, which captivates both David and the

* I cannot guess what part Janet, mentioned in the memoranda, could have played in Chapter XIX. She could not have been introduced into either of the later chapters.

† The manuscript for Part VII proved to be too long by as many as sixty-six lines of printed text. Dickens saved some fifty-eight lines by excising a few passages. The remainder was squeezed in by various economies in which printers are expert.

Peggotty household, we have no difficulty in recognising by a score of Dickens's deft touches that Steerforth's feelings are false, that his moral responses are undependable. The most startling revelation, "dramatic" in the fullest sense of that word, is Steerforth's reply to David's rhapsody at the conclusion of the Number:

> "'A most engaging little Beauty!' said Steerforth, taking my arm. 'Well! It's a quaint place, and they are quaint company, and it's quite a new sensation to mix with them.'
>
> 'How fortunate we are, too,' I returned, 'to have arrived to witness their happiness in that intended marriage! I never saw people so happy. How delightful to see it, and to be made the sharers in their honest joy, as we have been!'
>
> 'That's rather a chuckle-headed fellow for the girl; isn't he?' said Steerforth.'"

We scarcely need Steerforth's final comment—"Daisy, I believe you are in earnest, and are good. I wish we all were!"—to recognise what is brewing in Steerforth's mind.

Part VIII. December, 1849

Chapters XXII-IV. Completed November 20th, 1849.

"A smashing number" is Dickens's comment to Forster on Part VIII; "His first dissipation I hope will be found worthy of attention, as a piece of grotesque truth." That was written after completing the Number on November 20th. Five days earlier he was still in Chapter XXIII, deliberating a suitable profession for David. "I think it is necessary to decide against the special pleader," he writes: "I am not sure but that the banking house might do. I will consider it in a walk." By November 17th, he had rejected the banking house "on account of the confinement: which would stop the story, I foresee. I have taken, for the present at all events, the proctor." None of this uncertainty is reflected in the Number Plan, where "Proctor's—Doctors Commons" appears without correction in the notes for Chapter XXIII. These notes, therefore, and probably the notes for the remaining two Chapters, were written after completing the Number. Yet the notes for Chapter XXII at least are instructive. They read as follows:

> Steerforth's misgivings]
> Em'ly's misgivings] *still tending onwards. Miss Moucher*
> Ham Martha. The girl already lost.
> Omer, haberdasher &c.

These notes indicate how consciously Dickens massed his contrasting effects. The chapter which opens with Steerforth's misgivings closes with the misgivings of Em'ly as she sees herself in the mirror of Martha Ray, "the girl already lost." And these two complementary scenes are divided by Dickens's most irresistibly and powerfully vulgar sketch, Miss Mowcher.* She was undoubtedly to serve with Littimer as an agent of Steerforth's purpose, and we can never regret too deeply that Mrs. Hill, the professional chiropodist and manicurist, recognised herself in this portrait, very naturally protested, and received Dickens's promise that Miss Mowcher's character should be mended. By her action we have surely been robbed of scenes between Miss Mowcher and Em'ly more grotesque that those in which Mrs. Gamp ministers to Leewsome and old Chuffey.

* The memoranda show that Dickens had considered three possible names for this character before arriving at Miss Mowcher—"Miss Croodledey, Miss Croodledy, Miss Croodlejeux." He also rejected "Aiguille and Tanguille" and "Tranquille and Jorker" before choosing Spenlow and Jorkins.

Part IX. January, 1859.

Chapters XXV-XXVII. Finished before December 21st, 1849.

The Number Plan is headed "No Steerforth this time. Keep him out." With eleven numbers still to come, including the double number, Dickens presumably reflected that he must not bring the Steerforth-Em'ly theme to a too sudden issue. Instead of Steerforth, he lists other possibilities, and accepts them all: "Doctors Commons? Yes / Traddles? Yes / Dora Spenlow? Yes / Uriah Heep? Yes / The Micawbers? Yes." Old themes and old friends are to be kept in mind, but it is time to start upon a new episode, foreseen at least as long ago as Part V, David's love for Dora Spenlow.

For this episode Dickens was drawing once more upon his personal recollections. The evidence is contained in a letter written five years later to Mrs. Winter, whose maiden name was Maria Beadnell. "You may have seen in one of my books," he writes to her on February 15th, 1855, "a faithful reflection of the passion I had for you . . . and may have seen in little bits of 'Dora' touches of your old self sometimes and a grace here and there that may be revived in your little girls, years hence, for the bewilderment of some other young lover—though he will never be as terribly in earnest as I and David Copperfield were. People used to say to me how pretty all that was, and how fanciful it was, and how elevated it was above the little foolish loves of very young men and women. But they little thought what reason I had to know it was true and nothing more nor less."

But though the account is true, it is not related uncritically. Dickens makes sure that we shall witness this episode through the affectionate yet steady eyes of an older observer. "Some beautiful comic love" is the way he describes a later scene in the love-making. It is beautiful, but it is also faintly absurd: and to make sure that we recognise the absurdity, he introduces Mrs. Crupp at the end of the chapter. "Close with Mrs. Crupp" is the record in the Number Plan, and Mrs. Crupp helps us to remember that Agnes is "the real heroine." Moreover, Agnes was the "Good Angel" of the first chapter of the Number and was thus placed at the very start in some measure of competition with Dora.

Part X. February, 1850.

Chapters XXVIII-XXXI.

Started December 29th, 1849: proofs corrected before January 23rd, 1850.

The Number Plan* shows Dickens divided between the pursuit of

* The left hand column reads as follows:

qy
Em'ly to go? *No.—Yes.*
qy
Aunt ruined?—Next time.
qy
Miss Moucher? *Impossible.* Try next time.
Littimer? Yes.
Steerforth? Yes.
First chapter funny.
Then on *to Em'ly.*
Gauntlet to society.
"Going out with the tide."
Divide the last chapter in two.
MRS. GUMMIDGE.

The right hand column reads:

CHAPTER XXVIII.
MR. MICAWBER'S GAUNTLET.
Mr. & Mrs. Micawber & Traddles. Glimpse of Littimer.
Mr. Micawbers relieving himself by legal phraseology.
Mrs. Micawber's projects.
Mr. Micawber's letter. Steerforth.
CHAPTER XXIX.
I VISIT STEERFORTH AT HIS HOME, AGAIN.

(*Continued at the foot of page* 135).

two themes. Should he deal with Em'ly's elopement or with Aunt Betsey's ruin and its effect upon David's prospects ? After some hesitation he decided that Em'ly should elope now, and that Aunt Betsey's ruin should be reconsidered next month. This decision brought up other questions to be answered. Should he try to redeem his promise made a few days earlier (December 21st) to Robert Rogers that Miss Mowcher's character should be altered ? This also was postponed for a month ; but having decided upon Em'ly's elopement there could be little doubt about using both Littimer and Steerforth.

Before proceeding with Em'ly the first chapter was to be "funny," and what is more natural than that Dickens should take advantage of the opportunity with which he had provided himself in the last chapter of Part IX, the dinner party to which David had invited Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and Traddles ?

But the Number is Em'ly's ; and so even this comic chapter is, musically, interrupted by the Em'ly theme in the form of Littimer enquiring for his master. Before the chapter is over Steerforth himself has appeared with the news that Barkis cannot last much longer, thus providing a motive for David to be in Yarmouth at the time of Em'ly's disappearance.

Emily will disappear, necessarily, in the last chapter ; thus leaving room in the second chapter to show Rosa Dartle's jealous love and, more important, to present once more the prophetic vision of Steerforth "fast asleep ; lying, easily, with his head upon his arm, as I had seen him lie at school."

When the last chapter came to be written, Dickens found that he must divide it into two. A chapter must be given to Barkis's death, yet throughout this chapter Em'ly is kept in view. We see her first through Mr. Omer's eyes, as pretty as ever, working as well as "any six" and clinging to her uncle "tighter and tighter, and closer and closer, every day," but unsettled ; and a later scene allows the reader to confirm Mr. Omer's judgment from his own observations. This is the reader's preparation for the final scene where Peggotty and her brother, Mrs. Gummidge and David, are gathered together in the old boat waiting for Em'ly to come home with Ham. The talk turns upon Em'ly and displays Mr. Peggotty's unchanged affection for her. The candle will always stand in the window to greet her return, burning as an emblem of that unchanging love. Then Ham comes in alone. He has a letter with him, and from that we soon learn what has happened. The light in the last moments of the scene is cast not upon what Em'ly has done, nor upon Steerforth's crime, nor even upon Ham, but upon Mr. Peggotty, showing that Em'ly's elopement is to serve as a test of the heart's affections. Anger is expressed, very naturally, but not shame ; what Mr. Peggotty is mainly impelled to do is "to find my poor niece in her shame,"—the shame is hers, not his—"and bring her back." The heart's affections stand up to the test ; the emblematic candle will not cease to burn.

(To be continued).

(*Continued from page* 134).

ROSA DARTLE.
"Never more to touch that passive hand."
CHAPTER XXX.
A LOSS. Omer and Joram—lead up.
Barkis is willin.
CHAPTER XXXI.
A GREATER LOSS. The candle in the window.
Ham comes alone & takes Davy outside.
His letter.
Close with Mrs. Gummidge.

A TOAST TO THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

By Compton Mackenzie

At the Dinner held by the Manchester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship on Saturday, February 4th, the toast of the Dickens Fellowship was proposed by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, O.B.E., Past President of the Fellowship, in the following speech :

IF I may—before I come to the Toast—be a little egotistical, I should like to say what a particular pleasure it is to be speaking in this ancient city of Manchester, with which my family was connected for so long. My grandfather played here something like 130 years ago, and when he was lying ill—in his last illness—London gave him a great benefit at Drury Lane, the greatest which had ever been given at that time. But not only did London give him a benefit, but Manchester also. I still have a claret jug given to him in Manchester, which shows that, although Manchester doesn't like to admit it, it is a very romantic city and all the people in Manchester are romantics. They would like to be thought grim realists, but actually they are great romantics.

It is a great and peculiar pleasure to me to be able to pay a tribute to Dickens in this romantic city of Manchester.

We have just had some most delightful recitations which have reminded me how much the stage meant to Dickens. I will not go so far as to say that he should have been on the stage, but there is no doubt the stage lost a great actor when he took to literature. He liked acting and for many years his leading lady was Emmeline Montague—my grandmother. You may like to know of a link, through me, between that time and now. I was present at the last dance in Devonshire House and a play was given then which had been written by Lytton and acted by Dickens and his company nearly one hundred years ago : *Not So Bad as We Seem.* It was in 1921 that this play was revived and my sister Fay took our grandmother's part. I danced in it, and as we danced the last cotillon—Adeline Genée was in it, too—the housebreakers began to demolish Devonshire House. This will make a link stretching away from this moment for a long number of years into the future. The Dickens Fellowship does bring people together in this way.

It has always somewhat amused me that it is called a Fellowship. You will remember that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman almost came to blows over Mr. Tupman's intention to attend Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast dressed as a brigand. The argument led to Mr. Pickwick saying : " Sir, you are a fellow," and Mr. Tupman replied : " Sir, you are another." Finally, Mr. Pickwick actually urged Mr. Tupman to go to the party in the rather odd costume that had been suggested in the first place. I feel sure that the great man Dickens himself would have particularly relished the change in the use of the word " fellow."

I know only one thing even slightly comparable to it and that is the Mark Twain Association in the United States, which, by the way, is not nearly so widely supported as the Dickens Fellowship. Here was another great man, who stood for the same kind of thing in his own country as Dickens stood for in this country. I have a right to say this, because I am exactly half and half. The American part of me can see and fully appreciate Mark Twain and with the other half I can appreciate Dickens.

Just before coming here, I was reading one of the proofs that float round the country after me wherever I go, and the persistent melancholy of the modern novel is beginning to get me down. Human

beings have practically vanished from the face of the earth in the modern novel and there is really a horror among the younger intellectuals of being understood. For hundreds of years humanity has been trying to make itself understood ! and now apparently we have got to a stage where we don't want to be understood. In a sense this is due to the feeling among young people that everything has been done. I begin to doubt if in a century from now there will be any novels written at all. How can a child of to-day really amuse himself ? Just think of my childhood : there was I in my father's library—I had nothing to read besides Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, Fielding and Smollett. I was reading what Dickens had, as a boy, read in his day, but I had one terrific advantage over Dickens, for I was able to read Dickens.

Think of Dickens's childhood and of the freedom which only reading could give him. In that day a child must amuse himself. Again, how often did one in those days go to the theatre ? We had the pantomime, once a year. Now, if you can switch on to *Dick Barton* at every hour of the day, there *is* your theatre. If you said to the modern child, " Once a week is enough to go to the films," he would think you mad. This makes me view television with dread. Now try and look forward a hundred years and consider what there will be then for a child to do, in entertainment.

I cannot believe that all this will produce great novelists. The Epics died. Greek Tragedy is dead. Elizabethan Tragedy is dead. Then take lyric verse ; the moment it ceases to be spontaneous, it ceases to sing. Most of what is called " verse " to-day is simply prose cut up into lengths. Dickens could go into very bad blank verse when he became emotional : take out that emotion, and modern verse seems to lack real emotion and you have nothing but successive lines of different lengths.

But to get back to the Fellowship : how embracing is its appeal—look at the extent of it ; the fact that people of all kinds can meet together and each feel a warmth towards the rest gives it its vitality. We all know that we have something in common and that seems to me much more valuable than to be able to say " Only two friends of mine understand what I am writing." But our work goes on and I do not doubt that two hundred years hence people will still be writing, and the historians of that day will say that this kind of writing is finished. The East seems destined to take on what we may be tiring of. Is India to give us the great Drama of the future ? We in the West are beginning to wonder if we are to look Eastward for some vitalising power.

But Dickens captured something of his time that was immortal. There is a great moment in *Tom Jones* when Tom takes Partridge to the play to see Garrick. Partridge says, " I think nothing of him. You wouldn't know he was acting." That is the perfection of art and there never was a more perfect example than Dickens himself of the art which conceals art, and for that reason I am confident that a hundred years from now there will still be a DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

* * * * *

The response was made by Mr. T. H. Moffett, Immediate Past President of the Manchester Branch. " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens " was proposed by Mr. Stanley Sutton, President ; " The Guests," by Mr. Maurice R. Wilson, to which Mr. Leslie C. Staples replied, and " The Ladies," by the Rev. Charles Burke, Miss Marjorie Elkington replying. Recitals from Dickens were contributed by Miss Mary Corney.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN — AND OF CHARLES DICKENS

By A. E. Sullivan

ON February 7th, 1812—Charles Dickens's birthday—the Duke of Wellington was at the commencement of his fifth annual Peninsular campaign, while Napoleon was busy laying plans for the invasion of Russia.

Nearer home, the Duke of York, George III's favourite son, had but lately been reinstated as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, having been obliged to quit that office three years previously in consequence of the corrupt practices that had come to light during the notorious Mrs. Clarke Investigation.

The significance of this Duke from the Dickensian point of view is twofold.

In the first place, the names of no less than four of the characters in *Pickwick* attest Dickens's familiarity with and interest in the details of the Mrs. Clarke affair. (Mary Anne Clarke, Colonel Wardle, William Dowler and Thomas Lowten were all witnesses at the Investigation.) Secondly, it was the Duke of York who founded the Royal Military College, at which Dickens's relative by marriage, James Lamert, received a military education, though he was never an officer.

The father of this cadet, Dr. Matthew Lamert, a surgeon attached to the 43rd Regiment, was the original of that insufferable bounder, Dr. Slammer of the 97th, who was so neatly outmanoeuvred by Jingle at the Rochester Charity Ball.

It was thus in an atmosphere charged with warlike bustle and excitement, of "gay regiments always going and coming, continual paradings and firings, and succession of sham sieges and sham defences" (to use Forster's words), that the infant Charles passed his most impressionable years while living at the garrison town of Chatham.

His recollections of this great military depôt—the largest in the country up to the formation of Aldershot Camp—were evidently vivid. The review of the six regiments upon the Lines in *Pickwick* bears the stamp of truth. So does the story of the soldier who bayonetted a barmaid for refusing to serve him with more liquor. So, too, does the allusion to soldiers reeling about the town drunk, followed by troops of jeering little boys.

For drink was the bane of Tommy Atkins then and for many years afterwards, and it was almost impossible to write about the one without being obliged to touch on the other. It was for this reason that flogging (unknown in the French army) was resorted to with such frightful frequency, and indeed continued to be inflicted, though in a modified form, until after Dickens's death.

But not only in *Pickwick* does Dickens make early use of his Army impressions. Two years later, in 1838, there was published anonymously the "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," wherein the Military Young Gentleman is one of the types of masculinity held up to ridicule.

Thackeray, writing afterwards on a similar subject in "Punch," betrays a seething hatred of the profession of arms that makes his remarks very unattractive reading. Dickens's banter is more genial and far less offensive. Both, however, are concerned to play up to the violent prejudice that then existed against the Army—though both feel constrained to admit, as an afterthought, that there were exceptions to the vacuity, arrogance and blackguardism that then characterised soldiers as a class.

Why was it that Dickens and Thackeray, in common with so many other writers of the period, were so bitter against the Army to which the nation owed its freedom from the tyranny of Napoleon ?

The cause was twofold. Under the regimental system of those days, all effective power was concentrated in the hands of two or three individuals, leaving the ordinary subaltern with very little to do ; and as he had purchased his commission, and could purchase promotion whenever it suited him, he had no inducement to take the slightest interest in his profession for its own sake. And, not being of an intellectual turn, he frequently filled up his too ample leisure with duelling, drinking, gambling and making a public nuisance of himself.

As for the rank and file, they were drawn from the most loose and idle members of the class among which education was as yet non-existent. No man who was willing to support himself by work ever dreamed of enlisting. The remainder found the Army an easy road to food and, above all, to drink. In fact, the name of soldier was throughout the Dickensian period a byword for love of liquor and general depravity. And it was only in time of war, such as during the horrors of the Crimea, that respectable folk had any good thing to say about him.

Mention has been made of Dr. Slammer. How many Dickensians know that the fiery little doctor's regiment (the 97th) actually existed ? A battalion so numbered was raised for the fifth time in 1824 for service in the West Indies ; and, in strictness, Slammer should have been there, struggling with the effects of yellow fever and excessive rum drinking, rather than laying siege to female hearts at peaceful Rochester. In 1881 the regiment was amalgamated with the 50th, and now survives as the 2nd Battn. Royal West Kents.

The 43rd Regiment, to which Slammer's fire-eating friend, Dr. Payne, belonged, was that in which Napier, the great historian of the Peninsular War, saw service during the campaign he so vividly described.

The " Marquis of Granby," Tony Weller's inn at Dorking, derives from the general of that name who gained one of the victories of the Seven Years War. But what especially endeared Lord Granby to the rank and file was the care he took of them during a time of intense hardship ; and it was this rather than his prowess as a commander that caused so many innkeepers to hang his picture on their signposts, in the hope of attracting old soldiers within their portals to drain a bumper to their hero's health.

We find little mention of the Army again in Dickens until we come to the first of his two historical novels—*Barnaby Rudge* ; and then we hear a great deal of it. For not only do the Gordon Riots bulk largely in the book, and the military bulk largely in the Riots, but one of the chief characters, Joe Willett, " goes for a soldier," while another, bluff Gabriel Varden, trails a sergeant's pike in a force bearing the curious appellation of " Royal East London Volunteers."

I shall have more to say about this fictitious Volunteer Corps later. Meanwhile, let us see what happened to Joe after had had accepted the King's Shilling—for he had to accept it before he could enlist, notwithstanding that Dickens shows him as refusing to do so.

But first, we are told that Joe dreamed of leaving " unheard of wealth in prize money " to Dolly Varden. Prize money was, in fact, only paid to troops when engaged in anti-smuggling duty on the coast, and lucky enough to make a seizure of contraband ; or when their operations involved the capture of ships. In either case, the share falling to the lot of the ordinary soldier was negligible. For instance, after the capture of Havana and 18 Spanish ships in 1762, the privates received only £4 each as against the £120,000 that accrued to the general.

It would thus have needed many such windfalls to make a legacy worth transmitting to one so difficult to please as Dolly Varden.

What Joe *did* receive—after his arrival at Chatham, the depôt of his regiment—was a sum of money called a "bounty." This varied in amount according to whether recruits were or were not in demand; and as the American War had not yet begun when he joined the colours in March, 1775, and the Army was still on a peace footing, it would hardly, in Joe's case, have exceeded a few pounds.

Meanwhile, the recruiting sergeant would have pocketed fifteen shillings for "bringing" the recruit, out of which the latter would expect to be treated (Joe, it will be remembered, was regaled by his friend the sergeant with a supper of tripe and onions). As for the bounty, after the statutory deductions for necessaries and the cost of attestation and medical inspection had been met, the chances are that the recruit did not find himself much the gainer for having donned the red coat.

The next question is, what regiment did Joe join? Can we deduce this from the text? Up to a point we can, for Dickens lets fall several clues. To begin with, it was obviously an infantry regiment (which is rather surprising, for Joe was, on Dickens's own showing, a good rider and used to horses). Next, he lost an arm at the defence of Savannah—and we happen to know the regiments that took part in this brilliant little exploit in 1778. Thirdly, and most important, Joe turns up again during the Gordon Riots in the guise of "Tom Green," together with his friend the sergeant, at the selfsame barracks to which Barnaby Rudge had been taken after his arrest at "The Boot" by a body of Footguards.

We are therefore led to suppose that it was in one of the three regiments of Footguards (there were only three then) that Joe enlisted. Colour is given to this idea by the fact that Joe actually enlisted in London, and near the Tower. On the other hand, it must be confessed that the Guards, although they certainly fought in America, were *not* at the "defence of the Salwanners," nor had they a depôt at Chatham.

The barracks in which Barnaby spent those horrible hours pent up in the "black hole" was probably the old Palace of the Savoy, which then housed one of the Guards battalions. "Black hole" was the name commonly given to the dungeons in which soldiers under arrest were confined.

Let us now turn to Gabriel Varden and the so-called "Royal East London Volunteers." Two conclusions suggest themselves here: the first, that such a corps was obviously purely imaginary; the second, that even if it had existed, it certainly would not have been attired in the strange costume depicted by Phiz.

The Volunteers of the eighteenth century were the direct descendants of the old Train Bands, who took such a conspicuous share in the downfall of Charles I. During the Jacobite disturbances of 1745 they were raised in large numbers and reviewed by George II on Finchley Common. Again, in 1779, one of those panic fears of invasion to which this country is periodically subject led to the raising of many "Loyal" (*not* Royal) Companies of Volunteers. At the close of that year there were close on 150 such companies, each having a strength of about 50 men.

These companies took their titles from the parishes in which they were raised and to which their operations were confined, e.g. Tower Hamlets Volunteers, Mile End Volunteers, Bethnal Green Volunteers, etc. Not only would Gabriel Varden, as a busy tradesman of Clerkenwell, have had no time to go as far afield as East London to attend drills and parades; the strictly parochial character of the Volunteer movement of those days would have rendered such a loosely-named

body as the East London Volunteers an impossibility. Varden's company probably bore some such title as the Loyal Clerkenwell or Loyal Finsbury Volunteers.

But if Dickens is a little wide of the mark on an obscure point of military nomenclature, that is no excuse for Phiz's carelessness in depicting Sergeant Varden in a costume roughly—very roughly—resembling that worn by the Regulars at the time of Dettingen 40 years earlier. A little research would have directed his notice towards Wheatley's well-known picture of the Rioters being fired on in Broad Street by the London Military Foot Association—another Volunteer body, whose H.Q. were at Fishmongers' Hall. This would have shown him just how a Volunteer of 1780 ought to be dressed.

Nor is this all. The uniforms of the Footguards who are shown arresting Barnaby, and of the Horse Guards who are leading Hugh away on a horse, must have misled generations of Dickensians upon the actual costumes worn by those regiments at that time.

But perhaps it is a waste of time to deplore sartorial inaccuracy on the part of an artist who could depict Joe Willett in one place with his *left* arm missing, while in another he makes it his *right*. Phiz was clearly destitute of historical sense, and his delineations of later eighteenth century costume, civil as well as military, are about as misleading as they could well be.

One last point before leaving *Barnaby*. The " levee days " on which Simon Tappertit, after setting up as a shoeblack opposite the Horse Guards, Whitehall, drove such a thriving trade polishing officers' boots, do *not* relate to the King's levees at St. James's Palace (as is probably imagined by 999 out of every 1,000 persons who read this passage), but to those held by the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards itself, at which officers of the humblest rank were freely admitted to air their grievances or make their requests. A description of one such levee occurs in Charles Lever's now forgotten novel, " Jack Hinton the Guardsman."

Dickens's own most serious military anachronism occurs in a story of which he is only part author, and for which he is therefore only partly responsible—" The Perils of Certain English Prisoners "—which begins thus : " It was in the year of Our Lord 1744 that I, Gill Davis, having then the honour to be a private in the Royal Marines . . ." Actually, there were no *Royal* Marines in 1744. The Marine Corps, as they were then called, did not receive the appellation " Royal " until 1802, when it was conferred on them by George III in recognition of their gallantry during the battles of Lord Nelson and of those associated with him.

We come now to the second and last of Dickens's works having a strong military interest—*Bleak House*. For the characters in this great legal novel are not *all* clad in sombre lawyer's black. We catch many a dash of scarlet—for are not Mr. George the Dragoon, Mr. Bagnet the Artilleryman, and Ensign Richard Carstone (not to mention Captain Hawdon) of that glorious company ?

We do not hear much of Richard Carstone's life during his brief tenure of the King's commission, beyond that he was stationed at Deal Barracks. But from his remarks on how that commission was acquired, and how disposed of, it is clear that Dickens was quite *au fait* with the workings of what was called the " purchase system " : " His (Richard's) name was entered at the Horse Guards as an applicant for an ensign's commission, and the purchase money was deposited at an agent's." This was the correct procedure—though it might be added that the enormous demand for commissions (caused by the restriction of a gentleman's choice of a career to the Army, the Bar, and the Church) had led to the creation of a " black market " very early in the

Army's history, and that Richard's guardian probably had to part with anything up to double the regulation, or "controlled" price (£450), of an ensign's commission in the Line.

When it is also remembered that there was then no Government grant towards an officer's outfit, and that it was impossible for an officer on a home station to live on his pay, it will be seen that the total loss to Richard's estate must have amounted to some thousands.

The various hints let drop by and about Mr. George the Dragoon also suggest that Dickens had taken the trouble to acquire a smattering of military knowledge. For the eye of the initiated can detect, not only George's actual rank in the Dragoons, but his very regiment—which, as we know, was likewise that of Captain Hawdon.

It will be remembered that, on his first meeting with Esther Summerson, George excused his somewhat pointed reference to Esther's resemblance to Captain Hawdon by saying: "No offence, I hope, Miss. *I am one of the Roughs.*" Now, this cannot mean that he was only a rough soldier, for the word is printed with a capital R, and as such has the air of a pun. And the only term that could give meaning to such a pun is "Rough Riders"—expert horsemen who assisted the Riding Masters in cavalry regiments, and who figure on cavalry muster rolls as early as the eighteenth century.

If this explanation be correct, it is rather odd that Mr. George should not have gone in for keeping a riding school or livery stable on his retirement from the Army rather than a shooting gallery.

As for his regiment, we know that he served in North America, which was not normally a cavalry station; and that two cavalry regiments were sent there to help quell the French-Canadian rising of 1837, namely, the King's Dragoon Guards and the 7th Hussars; and also that Mr. George was a Dragoon. Therefore, if we have deduced correctly, Mr. George was a veteran of the King's Dragoon Guards—the senior cavalry regiment after the Household Brigade, and one well befitting the lover of the dashing Lady Dedlock.

Of the military adventures of Matthew Bagnet and the "Old Girl" we have rather more detail. There is no doubt about either his rank or his regiment: he is a bandsman of the Royal Artillery. He saw service in North America at the same time as Mr. George, likewise at Malta and Woolwich, and he had evidently married, as the phrase went, "on the strength." Dickens was clearly rather taken with the notion of a soldier's wife wandering about the world with little more than she stood up in, and rearing a family in barrack rooms and on baggage wagons.

There was, however, a seamy side to this apparently romantic existence. For one thing, only six per cent. of the rank and file of any regiment were given permission to marry at all. Those who married in default of it were not allowed to bring their wives into barracks, and the wives were not allowed to accompany their husbands on foreign service. They were also denied the wretched pittance that women married "on the strength" enjoyed by doing the regimental washing.

Yet, small as was the proportion of soldiers who were allowed to marry "on the strength," no separate married quarters were provided even for them. Indeed, it was to the Government's reluctance to spend money on building married quarters that this inhuman restriction was due. They had to live with their families in the common barrack room, divided off from their single comrades by a partition of rugs and blankets. The wives, as already mentioned, eked out their scanty allowances by doing the men's washing—and it is far more likely that Mr. George associated Mrs. Bagnet with washing shirts than with washing greens!

Dickens is characteristically silent about the squalor and indecency in which the Bagnets' three children, "Quebec," "Malta" and "Woolwich," must have been brought into the world and spent their infancy. But to the student of Army history it seems that a golden opportunity was lost of denouncing, through the voluble mouth of the "Old Girl," an evil as crying as any upon which he poured out the vials of his wrath.

That the pen of Dickens would have lent powerful aid to those who, like Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert, were striving to arouse the public to a sense of responsibility to their defenders by land and sea, is evident enough from the article in *The Uncommercial Traveller* called "The Great Tasmania's Cargo." As it is, this stinging attack on official cruelty and indifference towards a shipload of wounded men fresh from the Indian Mutiny marks the beginning and end of Dickens's brief essay into the realm of Army reform; and there is nothing further about the Army that calls for comment in the remainder of his writings.

(The present writer has made research into the identity of the "famous regiment" alluded to in the story of "Richard Doubledick" but without success, and it would seem that Dickens had no particular regiment in mind.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Mr. Jack Lindsay's recent book on Dickens has a reference to that slight confusion in the pronunciation of names which was noticed during the last public reading—Pickswick or Peckswicks, for Pickwick, and so on. Is it just by ironical chance that this very paragraph is Mr. Lindsay's book should open with a reference to the cemetery at *Kendal* Green? One asks, because this is only one among a profusion of misspelt names scattered throughout this book.

The following are consistent misspellings: Rosa Budd, Mantilini, Jellaby, Tulkinghorne (who is also in one place credited to *Dombey*), Mudfrog, Gretna Bridge.

The following occur at least once: Turveytop, Gregsburg, Pitchin (Pipchin), Dr. Marygold, Bill Sykes, Deadlock, Joe (Jo), Verisophy, Poot (presumably Pott), Eugene Wreyburn, Snivillicci, Phil Squad, Sowerby (Sowerberry), Runty Wilfer, Jeniwin, Flintwinch, Edenville (the thriving city of Eden), Cruickshank, John Leach, Castle Barnard (Barnard Castle) Moncton Milnes, Timber Doddle, *Vilette*, Van Dieman's Land.

And Queen Victoria's husband is given the name of Alfred!

The book attempts to explain the life and work of Dickens in terms of psycho-analysis. But one may well ask what kind of appalling psychosis, what deep-seated, unresolved "murder-wish"—or at least "mutilation wish"—remains to be argued from this, the author's own obsessional maltreatment of proper nouns. Psycho-analyst, psycho-analyse thyself!

GORDON STOWELL.

Putney.

PURGATORY INDEED

In Lord Holden's recent book, *Purgatory Revisited* (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.), the prominent people of the last century are encountered in a journey through the seven circles of Dante's Purgatorio, and give account of themselves. The narrative shews great skill used with a pawky humour and is not ill-natured. We regret that when Dickens is summoned from his cell in the seventh circle allotted to the sensual, his amazing career, which would have been an excellent field for Lord Holden's sense of fun, is almost neglected for the sake of alluding to Ellen Ternan. The author accepts Wright's story as authentic, and Dickens is allowed to treat the episode lightly and with a kind of conceit before being allowed to return to his cleansing treatment in Purgatory.

T. W. H.

Photograph by courtesy of [*The Times*

John Greaves as Aaron Gurnock, Gerry Ellis as Martin and Elaine Waley as Lady Grace in

THE LIGHTHOUSE

ONE of the Dickens Fellowship's most notable dramatic presentations was staged at the Rudolf Steiner Hall on 22nd April, *The Lighthouse*, by Wilkie Collins.

Having successfully produced four dramatic adaptations of Dickens's works since the end of the war, it was a bold move to revive the old melodrama which was written by Wilkie Collins for Dickens for his little private theatre at Tavistock House. The novelist made a spectacular success of his performance in the leading part and the revival afforded Dickensians a valuable opportunity to see the play performed. The literary interest of the occasion was obvious but few spectators could have anticipated the notable success achieved by the company.

The play is not a great one—it has not the virtues of the best melodramas of its period—yet it proved to be most moving in performance, and the reasons for the spell it exercised upon Dickens's audiences became clearly apparent. The text used was that of a MS. copy at the Victoria and Albert Museum, for the play has never been printed. It was carefully but not extensively edited and played with great sincerity, so that the audiences were held firmly in its grip and the players accorded an ovation after both performances. Melodrama is out of fashion, except when it is staged for the tiresome and stupid practice of ridiculing it, but this small company of enthusiastic amateurs demonstrated that it is a type of play that is quite pointlessly banished from the modern stage.

The play began, most auspiciously, with Dickens's Prologue spoken with telling effect by Mr. Frank Pettingell, whom the Fellowship was proud to welcome. The little company were in no small measure stimulated and encouraged by the interest in the production displayed by this distinguished actor. He appeared in mariner's costume before a reproduction of Clarkson Stanfield's act-drop of Eddystone Lighthouse, which was specially painted for the occasion by Mr. T. S. Gibbons Close

Of the players, John Greaves led the company in Dickens's part of Aaron Gurnock. We have learnt to expect a good deal from Mr. Greaves, whose Quilp last season will not easily be forgotten, and here was another performance of great merit. Powerfully dramatic yet wholly natural, the impersonation retained throughout the concentrated attention of the audience. Percy Merriman brought his long experience to a strong rendering of Jacob, Mark Lemon's part: another really first-rate performance. The third principal character, Martin Gurnock, originally played by Wilkie Collins, was in the hands of Gerry Ellis, who had a difficult task indeed. A much younger man than his colleagues and without their considerable experience, he had a strongly emotional part which rarely permitted him to leave the stage. It was a severe test for any young actor but Mr. Ellis brought it off most creditably, principally by sheer force of sincerity and he never lost the sympathy of the spectators.

Another youthful player, Gillian Poyser, also came through with flying colours in the part of Phoebe Dale, originally played by Mamie Dickens. In scenes difficult enough to tax the abilities of an experienced professional actress, she took the stage in a manner which quickly enabled her to make a vivid personality of the play's heroine. The part created by Georgina Hogarth, Lady Grace, was on this occasion played by Elaine Waley, a grand-daughter of Dickens. The part is not a long one but is very important. In Mrs. Waley's hands it was admirably poised and most beautifully spoken. Her calm, quiet entrance in the midst of the final dramatic scene was a memorable moment and was finely conceived.

Vincent Sanders, as the pilot, provided some light relief and led the group of smaller parts which were all well played.

The storm and other effects were most realistic and reflected great credit upon the stage manager, Doris Day, and her assistant Brian Greaves. There must be added a word of praise for the incidental music which was selected by Mr. Gerry Ellis.

Mrs. Bacon is to be most heartily congratulated on the great success she achieved with her production of a difficult play and for the great care and pains which she had obviously expended upon it. No less an authority on theatrical art than our President, "Ian Hay," in praising the performance, said that "an exceedingly high standard" had been set by it.

The play was preceded by a scene adapted from *David Copperfield*, by Mrs. Bacon, in which Brian Dixon, a diminutive actor of great charm but few years, captivated the audiences by his delightful David. His dinner, on his way to school, was devoured by the admirable waiter of Vernon Fielder, and Brenda Beagley, an actress we could spare only with the greatest regret on these occasions, played the chambermaid.

The profit, more than £60, will benefit the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial).

L.C.S.

A few copies of the well-illustrated souvenir programme remain and may be had from the Dickens House at one shilling each, post free.

NOTES ON *OLIVER TWIST*

By T. W. Hill

Introductory

Oliver Twist appeared first as a serial story in Bentley's Miscellany, a monthly magazine of which Dickens was the first editor. It was on completion, issued as a three-volume novel, and the notes are based on the text of that first edition. Dickens thoroughly revised the whole book for the Charles Dickens Edition of 1867 ; a part of Chapter XIII was transferred to Chapter XII, and Chapters XXIX and XLIII were each divided so that whereas the first edition contained 51 chapters the later editions have 53 chapters. For easy reference the chapter numbers of the notes are those of modern editions, although the text is that of the first.

The reader will see by the notes that Dickens must have studied closely the map of London and made himself familiar, probably by personal visits, with the Clerkenwell district.

The thieves' slang used in the story is nearly always explained in the text, so that there are not many requiring a note. The administration of the Poor Law so often alluded to in the book does not come within the scope of these Notes, but it may be stated that by the Act of 1834, outdoor relief was abolished and workhouses established in which parochial work was done by the inmates in return for their accommodation and keep. But bad administration, often by ignorant people, caused much unnecessary hardship as the food was often inferior and ill-cooked, the sexes were separated, and the children lived apart from their parents. Life in the workhouse was less popular than uncertain work outside ; see the case of Betty Higden in *Our Mutual Friend*. "The system became an odious tyranny." (Trevelyan. Later Acts mitigated some of these conditions, but it was not till comparatively recent times that a real humanity inspired the administration. The Poor Law and all subsequent acts revising and improving it were all swept away finally in 1948, when the National Assistance Act became law.

NOTES

Chapter I

1. A CERTAIN TOWN. When the story began in Bentley's Miscellany the opening sentence ran : "Among other public buildings in the town of Mudfog, it boasts of one . . . " This was altered to the present wording when the book appeared in three volumes. Mudfog was one of Dickens's names for Rochester and Chatham, but the "certain town" must have been at least 75 miles (see Chapter VIII) to the north of London as Oliver reached the metropolis via Barnet.

Chapter II

1. SEVENPENCE-HALFPENNY. Mrs. Mann's allowance, in spite of its meanness, seems almost princely compared with Betty Higden's charge of fourpence per head per week for "minders" although it is right to point out that those poor mites did not have board and lodging. (*Our Mutual Friend*, Chapter XVI.)

2. GATHERED TO THE FATHERS. An expression taken from Holy Writ : "All that generation were gathered unto their fathers, and there arose another generation after them" (Judges ii, 10). A more usual expression in the Old Testament was "slept with his fathers" : it occurs no less than twenty-two times.

3. SOUND THRESHING. This is corrected in later editions to thrashing.

4. DAFFY. Thomas Daffy, a clergyman in the seventeenth century compounded "Daffy's Elixir" a medicine for infants ; it was a tincture of senna to which gin was commonly added ; hence Daffy became also a slang name for gin itself.

5. HALF-BAPTISED. Baptised in haste or without the usual full service. In *Sketches by Boz*, Chapter II: Our Curate "got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one winter's night to half-baptise a washerwoman's child in a slop-basin."

6. —T, —TWIST, I NAMED HIM. Orphan children in workhouses often received as Christian names the name of the parish, or the town, or even the name of the reigning monarch, or perhaps the title of some big naval battle or military hero. A similar practice obtained in giving English names to members of uncivilised peoples who embraced the Christian religion. It will be remembered that the untrustworthy native in "The Perils of Some English Prisoners" (Christmas Story, 1857) was known as "Christian George King."

7. BRICK AND MORTAR ELYSIUM. In Homer's Odyssey, Elysium was the abode of the blessed after death and was therefore a place of perfect happiness. A delightful name for Oliver's workhouse.

8. DOCTORS' COMMONS. Originally an association of Doctors of Civil Law of Oxford and Cambridge who agreed to take their food at a common table. From them arose the Five Courts (the Court of Arches, the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the Court of Dispensation, the Consistory Court and the Court of Admiralty) established in St. Paul's Churchyard. Special licences for marriages were issued and divorces were granted at Doctors' Commons. The College was dissolved and the Courts transferred to Westminster in 1867.

9. SHORT COMMONS. Commons is the food provided for all in common for the members of English colleges and, during term, of the Inns of Court. ("Oh yes, sir, beer is included in my commons.") Hence short commons means scanty food.

10. BILL PASTED OUTSIDE THE GATE. This is no longer the case, as the whole of the Poor Law was amended and improved in 1834, again in 1874 and in 1894; the present system is sympathetically administered.

CHAPTER III

1. REGISTER STOVES. Stoves having in the opening leading to the chimney a plate which can be manipulated to regulate the draught: it is very unsatisfactory as, owing often to carelessness, it is sometimes closed when the fireplace is not in use. The term is occasionally applied to the "damper" in the chimney itself.

2. SMOTHERED IN CHIMNEYS. It was not till 1842 that, to prevent the fearful cruelties practised on young boy sweeps, it became penal to compel anyone under the age of twenty-one to enter a chimney, and no child under sixteen could be apprenticed. (Oliver was only nine.)

3. TWO OLD GENTLEMEN. An instance of Dickens's impatience with inattentive magistrates. He shewed it again in *Great Expectations* when Pip was bound apprentice, as he had done earlier in the case of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the *Pickwick Papers*.

CHAPTER IV

1. POSSESSION, REVERSION, REMAINDER OR EXPECTANCY. One phrase, covering all contingencies, that would remain in Dickens's mind after his experiences as a young man in a lawyer's office and as a reporter at Doctors' Commons.

2. BY CANAL FROM BIRMINGHAM. The Grand Union Canal from London to Birmingham, which was, according to Leland's Itinerary, the "abode of smiths and cutlers" as early as 1538 when its population was probably under 5,000. Its iron and steel trade has been growing and developing ever since and the population of Birmingham to-day is well over 1,000,000.

CHAPTER V

1. HANDS IN THEIR BREECHES POCKETS. Dickens's fanciful idea associated with the shape of the coffin-lids appears again in *Great Expectations*, Chapter I, where Pip, seeing the row of the graves of his deceased brothers, entertained belief "that they had all been born on their backs, with their hands in their pockets and had never taken them out in this state of existence."

2. TWO MUTES. So-called because they were supposed not to speak to anyone. They stood with bowed heads on either side of the doorway of the

house where the body awaited a funeral; clad in black frock coats, black gloves and top-hats draped with long streamers of black silk reaching nearly to the ground, colloquially known as "weepers," they carried long black staves draped in black and walked in front of the funeral procession until it was out of sight of the house of mourning.

3. CHARITY BOY . . . YELLOW SMALLS. The children educated at Charity Schools were usually dressed in a distinctive uniform, and some of the schools had their recognised names such as Blue-Coat School, Red-Coat School, Green-Coat School. It will be remembered that Rob the Grinder (in *Dombey and Son*) wore clothes that exposed him to the taunts and persecution of other children. Smalls are breeches reaching to the knees only; called also shorts or short-clothes.

4. ANTIMONIAL. How did Bumble know this rather uncommon word which is probably his rendering of antinomian (from a German sect—Antinomi—of the fourteenth century who maintained that the moral law was not binding on Christians. He may have heard the "gentleman in the white waistcoat" use it.

CHAPTER VI

1. LABOURING IN BRIDEWELL. A polite expression for penal servitude. Bridewell (the well of St. Bridget or St. Bride) was near Blackfriars. The site of a Roman fort, then a Saxon palace, later a Royal palace of Henry I, it was given to the city as a place of refuge, and then became a prison, then a penitentiary; it was burnt down in 1666, rebuilt, and finally pulled down in 1864. As the first workhouse, the first House of Correction, and the first Reformatory in England, Bridewell became the generic name for reformatories generally.

CHAPTER VII

1. CHILD WAS WEEDING. A difficult job in the depth of winter and seemingly unnecessary. Little Dick was said by the doctor to be dying and yet he had risen, in the dark, all by himself, before eight o'clock (see next Chapter).

CHAPTER VIII

1. SEVENTY MILES TO LONDON. See Chapter I, Note I.

2. LARGE PAINTED BOARDS. These sinister notices, occasionally found at the approach to some villages, are now obsolete. Here is a specimen of the wording:

> "By Order of the Magistrates.
> Vagrants found wandering or begging in
> This Parish will be apprehended and
> Prosecuted with the utmost Rigour of the Law."

3. BARNET. Oliver had been walking for seven days; the first day he covered twenty miles, on the second he walked twelve, and took five days to get over the remaining thirty-five miles an average of seven-and-a-half miles a day, not a bad performance for a half-starved boy nine years of age. He had only a crust of bread, a penny loaf, a meal of bread and cheese, and a little food from an old lady.

4. WALK BY A BEAK'S ORDER. A turn on the treadmill, as can be gathered from the Dodger's explanation, which was quite beyond Oliver's comprehension.

5. STONE JUG. A slang term for prison, probably derived from the French *joug* meaning a yoke, through the now obsolete Scottish jougs, a pillory. Stone is a later embellishment, perhaps to signify the walls of a prison.

6. BOB AND A MAGPIE. Slang for a shilling and a halfpenny.

7. MORRICE. Slang for get away, decamp quickly. It appears in the New Canting Dictionary of the seventeenth century, and apparently has some connection with the capering in a Morris Dance. Goldsmith uses it in "She Stoops to Conquer": "Zounds! here they are! Morrice Prance!" (Act iii, scene 2).

8. ISLINGTON . . . SAFFRON HILL. Although one or two of the thoroughfares named may be unknown to the modern map, it is quite easy to follow Oliver's journey by St. John's Road (now St. John's Street), Arkington Street

Rosebery Avenue, Garnault Place, Exmouth Street, Farringdon Road (on the site of Coppice Row), Crawford Passage, cross Ray Street, Little Saffron Hill, Great Saffron Hill. The site of Hockley-in-the-Hole, a disreputable resort for bull and bear baiting and the haunt of thieves, is marked by Ray Street.

9. FIELD LANE. This has now disappeared owing to street improvements; Fagin's den was about the spot now occupied by the wide flight of steps connecting the south end of Great Saffron Hill with the higher level of Charterhouse Street constructed when Holborn Viaduct was erected. A short remnant of Field Lane is now incorporated in Shoe Lane.

10. PLUMMY AND SLAM. Two slang words coupled together as a password but having no connection with each other.

CHAPTER X

1. SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE. The import of this maxim dates from Classic times: "An animal's first impulse is self-preservation." Andrew Marvell in 1675 wrote: "Self-preservation; Nature's first great law."

CHAPTER XI

1. NOTORIOUS METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICE. This Police Office, No. 54 Hatton Garden, has been transferred to King's Cross Road, and is now known as Clerkenwell Police Court. The house remains but the panelling of the walls has been removed. Just round the corner, in Hatton Wall, are the "dirty court" and the "low archway" giving access to an entrance to the old police court.

2. MUTTON HILL. Now swallowed up by Clerkenwell Road constructed in 1875 at the end of Vine Street.

3. MR. FANG. A study from life of Samuel Laing, whose period of office as magistrate made the police court "notorious." Laing was removed from his office shortly after Dickens's exposure of him.

CHAPTER XII

1. MOUNT PLEASANT. A name reminiscent of the once rural character of Islington at the time when the many pleasure gardens and spas were famous. In this neighbourhood there were no fewer than twelve such resorts in the eighteenth century; they all supplied natural medicinal waters, but they all also sold intoxicants and provided entertainments.

2. YOU ARE A GREAT DEAL BETTER. The "bedside manner" of this doctor bears a strong resemblance to that of the doctor who attended Little Nell (*Old Curiosity Shop*, Chapter XLVI) after her fainting fit.

3. RUSH LIGHT SHADE. The best description of this obsolete form of illumination is that given in *Pickwick Papers*: "a gigantic light-house in a particularly small piece of water." See also Phiz's illustration to the same Chapter XXII. A rush-light shade is preserved at the Dickens House.

4. MEDIUM FOR TAKING LIKENESSES. This must have been a "Profeel Machine" such as Sam Weller knew, as photography was not invented till 1839. One end of a wire was passed over the features of the sitter while a pencil attached to the other end traced the outline on paper; the charge was one shilling—(see "Little Pedlington," by John Poole, 1839).

5. IF I WANTED ANY FURTHER PROOF. Is Dickens in this paragraph becoming philosophical or merely journalistic? More than two hundred words are devoted to an exposition in the most elaborate phraseology of the maxim, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." (See Chapter X, Note 1.)

CHAPTER XIII

1. RIVER COMPANY. That is the New River Company, formed by Sir Hugh Myddleton in the seventeenth century to supply water from Hertfordshire to London north of the Thames.

2. LACE-UP HALF-BOOTS. Half-boots was the accepted term for what to-day are called just boots, as distinct from the full-sized top-boots (which had no laces) reaching nearly to the knees.

3. BELCHER HANDKERCHIEF. A gaudily coloured scarf for the neck, affected by the pugilist Jim Belcher (1781-1811); no collar or stock was worn with it.

4. WHITE SHAGGY DOG. A minor puzzle in the book is the breed of Sikes's dog. This is the only real description of the animal, which is usually considered to have been a bull-terrier (his name was Bull's-eye) and all Cruikshank's pictures shew him as a short-haired dog of terrier type, certainly not shaggy.

5. MR. SIKES. One wonders whether Dickens knew there was a record of a gentleman of this name in the Newgate Calendar, a contemporary of Jack Sheppard.

6. IMAGINARY KNOT. An expressive pantomime for hanging; the knot of the rope was so placed behind the ear that as the criminal dropped the neck would be broken causing instant death. Compare with this the description of Flintwinch's neck-cloth in *Little Dorrit*, Chapter III of Book I.

7. GENTEEL SUBURB OF RATCLIFFE. A facetious reference to Ratcliff Highway, at that time a disreputable resort of criminals and sailors ashore. It has lost its evil reputation and is now known as St. George's Street.

8. HOUSE OF CORRECTION. The gaol at Coldbath Fields facing Mount Pleasant; disused after 1877 and demolished in 1889. The Parcels Department of the General Post Office occupies part of the site.

CHAPTER XIV

1. MUCH BETTER . . . A BOOKSELLER. Oliver had indeed "said a very good thing." Macrone (publisher) had made about £4,000 from *Sketches by Boz* for which he had paid Dickens (book-writer) in all £400; it still rankled especially as Dickens heard just about this time (June, 1837) that Macrone projected a re-issue of the Sketches in monthly parts for which Dickens would have received nothing.

2. WE WON'T MAKE AN AUTHOR OF YOU. A reflection of Dickens's feelings during his early struggles as an author. He wrote to Forster: "The immense profit which *Oliver* has realised to its publisher; the paltry, wretched, miserable sum it brought to me . . . the consciousness that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself . . . puts me out of heart and spirits."

3. SMALL-PLAITED SHIRT-FRILL. Small plaited means with small pleats or folds sometimes goffered. The writer remembers one or two conservative-minded old gentlemen who preserved this fashion into the early days of the present century.

CHAPTER XV

1. BEHIND A NIGHT-CAP. An oblique allusion to Fagin's likely fate should Sikes betray him to the authorities; a cap was pulled over the head of a criminal about to be hanged.

2. HUE-AND-CRY. "The Public Hue-and-Cry" was a bulletin issued at irregular intervals from Bow Street by Sir John Fielding, advertising particulars of thefts and of persons wanted for crime. In the early nineteenth century it became "The Public Hue-and-Cry and Police Gazette." In 1828 the format was changed and it became a weekly under the name of "The Police Gazette" (Moylan). "The Police Gazette" is now issued daily from Scotland Yard; it is an official publication and is not on sale as it once was, to the public.

CHAPTER XVI

1. PENS FOR BEASTS. At that time Smithfield was a market for live animals; removed to Caledonian Market in 1855.

2. BARTLEMY TIME. Saint Bartholomew's Day falls on August 24th and the Bartholomew Fair, discontinued since 1835, was held at Smithfield Market early in September every year.

3. VERY FILTHY NARROW STREET. This has been identified in the "East London Observer" of May 12th, 1900, as Steward Street adjoining Spitalfields Market; the kitchen is below No. 16 and is reached by "a dark descent down a ricketty staircase"; the Police cleared the whole place out when they arrested a "receiver of stolen goods who was sentenced to penal servitude in 1900."

4. SAME SERVICE FOR "TWELVE YEARS." Nancy came under Fagin's influence when she "was not half Oliver's age—say at five years old"—and if twelve years be added she was now seventeen, about the same age as Rose Maylie. Sikes was thirty-five, see Chapter XIII.

Chapter XVIII

1. BALL OF ST. PAUL'S. The golden ball at the top of the dome supports the huge Cross. Both are hollow and accessible but have been closed to the public since 1883. The Ball will accommodate twelve persons seated.

2. REGULATION MODE OF CUTTING THE HAIR. That is, for criminals, cropped close to the head. It is now customary to allow prisoners' hair to grow for some weeks before their release.

4. LIME-BASKET. Specially strong closely-woven wicker baskets to hold powdered lime or sand, and holding about a bushel.

Chapter XIX

1. COMMON GARDEN. A former Cockney slip-shod name for Covent Garden Market, where the poorest wanderers and outcasts often sheltered for the night. It will be remembered that Job Trotter, when he was too late to return to the Fleet Prison from Mr. Perker's, said he could sleep in Covent Garden.

2. GET OFF THE STONES. The stones were the granite setts with which London's main streets were paved; so getting off the stones was leaving the metropolis behind for the country roads. The expression is still current among the constables of the Metropolitan Police Force.

Chapter XX

1. LIVES AND TRIALS OF GREAT CRIMINALS. The book referred to is probably the "Newgate Calendar, or Malefactors' Bloody Register" first published in five volumes in 1773-74; an enlarged edition in six volumes appeared in 1824-26.

2. HACKNEY CABRIOLETS. Cabs for hire; all vehicles licensed for public hire are known officially as Hackney Carriages, whether omnibuses, tramcars, cabs or coaches.

Chapter XXI

1. THE EXPEDITION. As was the case with Oliver's journey to London in Chapter VIII, the route followed by Sikes is set forth with much and exact particularity. The only point to question is how Sikes got from Holborn to Hyde Park Corner; did he use Chancery Lane or go further west and turn down Park Lane?

2. CHAISE-CARTS FILLED WITH LIVE STOCK. These were on the way to Smithfield for the market (see Chapter XVI, Note I). Chaise-carts were two-wheeled light vehicles without a separate driver's seat.

3. REEKING BODIES OF THE CATTLE. See Chapter XVI, Note I.

4. HARD UPON SEVEN. By the clock of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The church, now on a lower level than the roadway owing to the construction of Holborn Viaduct, used to be almost even with the path and roadway on Holborn Hill. The old church dating from the fifteenth century was burnt down in the Great Fire of 1666 and rebuilt by Wren twenty years later. Wren's church was destroyed by fire during a German air-raid in 1941.

Chapter XXII

1. BOOT-JACK. A board about nine inches long and four inches wide with a crotch at one end against which the heel of a boot could be held to assist the wearer to get it off the foot.

2. SHAWL-PATTERN. The well-known fruit-shaped pattern of shawls woven at Paisley is an adaptation of the stylised "pine-cone" of the Cashmere weavers, and is used by shawl-weavers all over India and Persia.

3. DETACHED HOUSE. The house traditionally associated with Sikes's attempted burglary is Pyecroft House in Pyecroft Street, Chertsey. See Walter Dexter's article in *The Dickensian*, 1905, page 260. Oliver's pantry window is preserved at the Dickens House.

Chapter XXVI

1. SNOW HILL AND HOLBORN HILL MEET. This was known as Holborn Bridge (across the Fleet river which was then open). The whole district was replanned and reconstructed in 1863-1869 when Holborn Viaduct was

thrown across the valley and the main road straightened from Newgate t Holborn.

2. HOPTALMY. An attempt on the part of the "respectable trader" t say ophthalmia, inflammation of the eye. He was, of course, paraphrasing th saying "a sight for sore eyes."

3. NON ISTWENTUS. The best Fagin could do with a legal expressio with which Dickens was familiar, *non est inventus*, "not to be found," use in a sheriff's report.

4. THREE CRIPPLES. A fictional name for a non-existent inn. It woul be interesting to know whether Dickens, in coining the title had behind h mind an inn near Strood, the Three Crutches.

5. I'LL POUND IT. Short for "I'll wager a pound on it." The poun is a very old coin, although it had varying values at different times. A poun of silver was coined into 240 silver pennies. The gold sovereign of a valu of a pound was first issued by Henry VII; in 1664 it was superseded by th guinea till 1817 when the sovereign again came into circulation. (See Chapte XXXI, Note 2.)

6. WHAT MIGHT BE THE AMOUNT OF THE ODDS? Odds are the inequalitie or differences between two numbers; the term is used in betting: "Wha is the odds?" The old saying here paraphrased: "What's the odds s long as you're happy?" really means "What does it matter if there a inequalities or differences so long as they do not affect your happiness?"

CHAPTER XXVII

1. TENTER-HOOKS. Tenter-grounds, as shewn on Agas's map of Eliz bethan London in the Lambeth Marsh district, were open spaces used f stretching cloth or linen, or for spreading washed material for bleaching the tenter-hooks placed round the margin of the ground and to which t material was fastened prevented it from shrinking during the process. Hen to be on tenter-hooks is to be "on the stretch" mentally.

2. GREEN-GLASS BOTTLES. The traditional colour of the bottles in whi peppermint was stored; the colour dates from the time of the old alchemis who kept their various concocions in different coloured bottles for ea distinction, as the custom is at the present time to put poisons in dark-bl phials (sometimes specially shaped for recognition in the dark). The colour bottles in chemists' windows had a similar origin.

3. OYSTERS . . . COOLING PROPERTIES. An old superstitution, probabl founded on the fact that oysters are supposed to be easily digested and migh safely be taken by a feverish patient.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1. PLAY THE BOOBY. This only appears in the first edition of the boo It was amended during revision to "play booty."

CHAPTER XXX

1. SPLINTERED UP. The correct but seldom used term for the mo usual "supported, or bound up, in splints."

2. BOW STREET OFFICERS. These men were part of a small detecti force, with their headquarters at Bow Street, introduced about 1750. The were sometimes known to the irreverent as "Redbreasts" from the colo of their waistcoats. They had been fetched twenty or more miles to Chertse

CHAPTER XXXI

1. MINDING THE PRAD. Prad is slang, seldom heard nowadays, for horse, especially a neglected horse; it is derived by metathesis from th Dutch paard.

2. GUINEAS IN A CANVAS BAG. Guineas were the current coin till 181 See Chapter XXVI, Note 5.

3. CAGE AT KINGSTON. The Cage was a temporary prison for a nigh for the confinement of suspects who were to be brought before a Court th following day. A few examples still survive in various parts of the country The village pound for straying animals was also sometimes alluded to a the Cage.

Chapter XXXVI

1. ONCE A FORTNIGHT. One hopes that Oliver kept his promise to Harry, but there is no further reference to the matter in the story.

Chapter XXXVII

1. PAPER FLY-CAGE. These were usually made of coloured perforated paper folded into globular or bell-shaped forms suspended from the ceiling. They were not intended for " cages " but as places in which flies could settle so that their buzzing should not be an annoyance. The great reduction, due to modern hygiene, in the number of flies in houses has caused the disappearance of the cages, which at the best only harbour dust.

2. WASHABLE BEAVER HATS. Hats and bonnets and gloves of beaver fur were not harmed by getting wet, which is more than can be said of the silk hats that replaced the beavers early in the nineteenth century.

3. TWELVE YEARS LAST WINTER. It is difficult to realise that three years have elapsed since Oliver at nine years of age left the workhouse for London. There are no definite periods mentioned but such phrases as " many days " " happy days of recovery " " many subsequent days " with Fagin, " many weeks " of illness at Chertsey, " three months " in the country, and so on, can add up to a considerable period.

Chapter XXXVIII

1. LARGE TRAP DOOR. Dickens must have had in mind the stage trap door that falls downwards on the Sweeny Todd principle (" I could have let you down ") although he uses the expression " threw back," implying a rising flap, faithfully reproduced in Cruikshank's illustration.

Chapter XXXIX

1. EVIL WINDS BLOW NOBODY ANY GOOD. One of many variants of a comforting proverb. The original appears to be due to Thomas Tusser (1523-1580) : " It is an ill wind that turns none to good."

2. SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY GREEN. Green tea was a special luxury and paid a special customs duty, and was priced accordingly.

3. DULL AS SWIPES. Swipes as a name for small or inferior beer has been current for about two hundred years. The Danish word *svip* means a thin tasteless beer. In " Hood's Own " for 1839, Thomas Hood makes effective use of the word :

> " On coming of age.
> To-day it is my natal day . . .
> No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
> No flowing garlands—no bouquet—
> No birthday ode to sing or say.
> To me it seems this is a day
> For bread and cheese and swipes."

4. SIKES FELL BACK . . . HEAVY SLEEP. A vivid description of the vain efforts of a person trying to fight off the soporific effects of a dose of laudanum.

5. CRYING HALF-PAST NINE. The watchmen (who were abolished by Peel's Police Act of 1829) called the hour and half-hour throughout the night at intervals until the next hour was nearly due ; hence " it'll strike the hour in another quarter (of an hour)."

6. FAMILY HOTEL NEAR HYDE PARK. This district of the West End was then, as it is now, well supplied with private hotels and boarding-houses.

7. MAN-COOK, WITH SOME OTHER SERVANTS. A curious picture of the internal economy of a west-end hotel ; the porter was absent from his post, the smartly-dressed female may have been the housekeeper, she summoned a waiter as women reception clerks were unknown ; but what was the man-cook doing in the entrance hall ? and why was he accompanied, not by kitchen-maids but by four chaste and morally-superior housemaids ? Finally, still more curiously, in the next Chapter, Nancy, after her interview with Rose, had to find her own way out ; the inquisitive servants had apparently lost all interest in her.

8. GOLD WHAT HAS STOOD THE FIRE. That is, refined to purity. " The fining-pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold " (Prov. XXVII, 21). In *Martin Chuzzlewit* another allusion is made to the theme : Mrs. Gamp speaks of " gold that has passed the furnage."

9. DIANAS. Diana of the Romans was Artemis of the Greeks, the twin sister of Apollo and like her brother " unmarried ; she is a maiden-divinity unconquered by love. She slew Orion with her arrows because he made an attempt upon her chastity ; and she changed Actaeon into a stag simply because he had seen her bathing." (Sir W. Smith.)

CHAPTER XL

1. JAILS AND HULKS. A hulk is the body of a ship dismantled of her masts, etc. ; such hulks are sometimes used for storage and a few were moored in the river and used as temporary prisons for convicts awaiting transportation. In *Great Expectations*, Magwitch escaped from the hulks to the Marshes where Pip found him.

2. TWO-LEGGED SPANIEL. A spaniel is usually docile and affectionate hence the term is used figuratively for a fawning cringing person.

CHAPTER XLI

1. CRAVEN STREET, STRAND. There were then, as there are now, a few private hotels in this thoroughfare. The Dickens Fellowship headquarters were at Nos. 33 and 34 from 1911 to 1917.

2. ONE BRIEF AND A MOTION OF COURSE. A somewhat disparaging reference to Mr. Grimwig's early career. A " motion of course " is an application to a Court by the parties to an action to obtain an order necessary to the progress or " course " of the action.

CHAPTER XLII

1. THROUGH HIGHGATE ARCHWAY. In order to save horses the stiff climb up the main road to Highgate village on the way north out of London a scheme was formed in 1810 to " by-pass " the village by driving a tunnel through Highgate Hill, but during the progress of the work the tunnel caved-in in 1812. The whole was then excavated and the present cutting (Archway Road) substituted. The Archway was constructed to span this cutting ; it consisted of a tall arch only eighteen feet wide surmounted by an arcade of three smaller arches carrying the roadway (Hornsey Lane). This Archway was pulled down in 1900, the road widened and the fine steel viaduct now spans the gap.

2. RESTING HERSELF ON A BANK. The writer remembers the steep grass-covered banks of the old cutting before the present houses were built.

3. ANGEL . . . WHERE LONDON BEGAN IN EARNEST. This may not be true to-day, but at the time of the story the country north of the Angel was quite rural in character.

CHAPTER XLIII

1. TOP-SAWYER. A favourite word with Dickens, and used many times in his works for a first-class man in any walk in life.

2. BIG-WIG. That is, a full-bottomed wig worn by judges or King's Counsel, as distinct from the small or bob-wig worn by barristers ; hence figuratively, any important person ; in this case a prominent counsel.

3. BOW STREET. Bow Street Police Office used to be No. 4 on the west side, now covered by part of Covent Garden Market ; it ceased to be used in 1881 and the Police Court was moved to the opposite side of the street.

4. OLD SMOKY BUST. This bit of " local colour " was apparently invented by Dickens to emphasise the shabbiness of the Police Office ; no confirmation of the existence of the bust can be traced, and its subject is not named.

5. TWO OLD FILES. File is a slang and disrespectful name for a knowing or awful person.

CHAPTER XLVI

1. TOWER OF OLD SAINT SAVIOUR'S. Southwark Cathedral (St. Saviour's) at the south end of London Bridge has a tower with pinnacles ; St. Magnus at the north end of the bridge has a spire, now nearly hidden by the bulk of Adelaide House.

2. THE STEPS . . . FORM A LANDING STAIRS. In the " East London Advertiser " of April 26th, 1902, appeared the following : " The steps . . . have been closed for ever, thus removing a veritable Dickens landmark . . . h

chose this usually dirty and slimy staircase as the scene where Nancy divulges the secret . . . the closing of the staircase is due to the fact that the exigencies of modern traffic have necessitated the widening of London Bridge ; a work that has just been entered upon." Doctor Marigold provides another instance of Dickens's aptitude at reproducing this kind of talk.

Chapter XLVIII

1. THIS IS THE INFALLIBLE, ETC. A wonderfully life-like reproduction of the kind of voluble patter used by vendors of quack medicines at fairs and such places.

2. LEANED HIS PACK AGAINST A BANK. The road from Hatfield to St. Albans is at many places at a lower level than the surrounding fields.

3. FIREMEN WHO WERE FROM LONDON. The site of this mansion is too vaguely indicated for identification, and it remains a mystery how the firemen at London, twenty miles away, were informed of the conflagration, and how they got there before the fire had burnt itself out.

Chapter L

1. RAFF AND REFUSE. It is not often that raff is used alone ; the usual form is riff-raff, formerly riff-and-raff.

2. JACOB'S ISLAND. This unsavoury district on the south side of the Thames has been almost entirely remodelled and Jacob's Island no longer exists, although its extent can be traced by George Row, Jacob Street and London Street. Folly Ditch (Old Mill Stream) was filled in in 1851. In the Preface to the 1867 edition (there was none to the first) Dickens wrote that Jacob's Island then existed " though improved and much changed." A copy of a municipal plan of the neighbourhood made in 1855, in which Bill Sikes's house is marked, is preserved at the Dickens House. See also *Dickensian* 1918, page 184.

3. CHANCERY SUITS. Percy FitzGerald confirms that the property was in Chancery and that anyone could, and did, enter and live there rent free if they wished.

4. RETURNED TRANSPORT. A convict who has come home without leave.

5. SOONER THAN WAS EXPECTED. In other words, before the convict's sentence of transportation has expired. Such unauthorised return to England was punishable by death, and this accounts for Kags's unwillingness to be " presented to the Judges." It will be recalled that in *Great Expectations*, Magwitch was sentenced to death for this offence.

6. ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT. Persons so accused are liable on conviction to heavy punishment. When the offence was a capital one, as in the case of Fagin, the penalty was also one of death.

Chapter LI

1. SHEET OF PAPER CROSSED AND CROSSED AGAIN. A fashion of writing letters, by using the page in the ordinary way and then turning it round to write across the previous script so that as much writing could be crammed in as possible, probably introduced when postage was expensive and charged by weight. Even after the Penny Post came in 1840 the custom continued and indeed survived among ladies till quite lately ; certainly within living memory.

2. VILLAGE CHURCH—MINE. Harry Maylie could have been only a " deacon," as it could not have been a year (the time necessary to become a priest after ordination) since the events recorded in Chapter XLI. It is also unusual for a deacon to be in charge of a parish.

Chapter LII

1. PAVED ROOM UNDER THE COURT. Dickens well knew his way about the old Newgate, that is, the prison dating from 1782 replacing that burnt down by the Gordon Rioters in 1780. He had already written a fairly detailed account of the internal arrangements in *Sketches by Boz*, and a further description was to appear in *Barnaby Rudge*. The Newgate of the story was demolished in 1902 to make room for the Central Criminal Court.

2. TO BE LEFT ALONE NO MORE. A warder is in constant attendance on a condemned criminal until his execution.

1. YOUNG GRAZIER. It is satisfactory to know that *one* of Fagin's lawless associates and dupes had a chance of reforming. Dickens made a habit of continuing the convention of his predecessors in the art of novel-writing, by telling shortly in a final Chapter, after he had brought the plot of the story to an end, the subsequent fate of his principal characters.

2. ROSE MAYLIE. The name by which Rose has been known all through the book happens also to be the name to which she is now entitled as the wife of the Rev. Harry Maylie.

3. WITHIN THE ALTAR. Probably "within the chancel" is intended. In Cruikshank's illustration, drawn specially at Dickens's urgent request (see Forster's *Life*) and with which he expressed himself as delighted, the Agnes tablet is seen outside the stone balustrade surrounding the altar.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

PARLIAMENT

"Charles Dickens worked as a reporter in the House of Commons in his early days, and his experiences, alas, gave him for the rest of his life, an opinion of Parliament that was neither admiring nor respectful!

"Descriptions by Dickens and others show us that elections were orgies of drunkenness for which the candidates paid. Bribery and corruption of every kind were almost openly practised.

"Most people have heard the House of Commons referred to as the best club in London, but not everyone is aware that the phrase was first used by Charles Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend*. Mr. Winston Churchill a short time ago remarked that the House is 'the best club and the finest public school in Europe.'"—"A Visit to the Houses of Parliament," by John Battley. (Westm. City Publ. Co.)

* * * * *

THE GORDON TRIAL

"The riots to which this obviously unbalanced young nobleman [Lord George Gordon] gave his name, if not his encouragement, were used by Dickens as the climax of his novel *Barnaby Rudge*. In the preface to the work the author states: 'No account of the Gordon Riots, having been to my knowledge, introduced into any work of fiction, and the subject presenting very extraordinary and remarkable features, I was led to project this tale . . . It may be observed in the description of the principal outrages, reference has been had to the best authorities of that time, such as they are; and that the account given in this tale of all the main features of the riot is substantially correct.'

"As the novelist's interest in the riots was for the use he might make of them in connection with the characters of his own imagination, he did not see fit to give us an account of the historic trial or to make mention of the young barrister who won an acquittal for Lord George in the trial for high treason."—"For the Defence: Thomas Erskine, 1750-1823," by L. P. Stryker. (Staples Press.)

* * * * *

NATURE OF LITERATURE

"Very often, however, the devices required for the immediate purpose are encumbrances from the larger point of view. It is possible for art to be both good art and good propaganda, but it is also possible for the propaganda elements to corrupt the art. The propaganda purpose can result in a distortion of scale, a wrenching of the pattern, a crack in that mysterious welding of the parts to each other and to the whole which is the very essence of creative activity. Some of Dickens's novels would be better if he had not overemphasised certain elements at the expense of the total pattern. It requires a particularly cunning artist to make sure that the devices employed to secure the smaller purpose take their place naturally and effectively among the devices which achieve the larger. A rhetorical pattern—to put the same point in more strictly literary terms—is not incompatible with an aesthetic pattern, though few writers have the skill to fuse the two completely. The rhetorical purpose of Dickens no longer interests us: we read him for the aesthetic pattern; and because there are in his novels devices which are not necessary for the completion of the aesthetic pattern (but which were necessary for those who read the books as rhetoric) we often recognise a certain looseness of structure.

"If we take up the *Pickwick Papers* and try to discuss it as a novel in the strict sense in which the term has been employed in previous chapters, we shall quickly find ourselves in a state of confusion. For this book is not in fact a novel in that sense at all. It is in essence a collection of short stories, in which the same principal characters keep figuring, where what we have learned about the characters in previous stories gives added point to the adventures in which they are involved. That cumulative significance which emerges in a work of literary art as a result of the way in which it is constructed at each point and the way in which the parts are related to the whole—from the way, in short, in which plot

and style merge into each other and become part of one another –is not to be found in the *Pickwick Papers*. Though Dickens does not draw on the characterisation developed in one incident to enrich the quality of another, this utilisation of previous work is not the same thing as the texture of a genuine novel. Our chief pleasure in *Pickwick* is watching how characters run true to form when involved in situations amusingly contrived to provide continuous contrasts between a man's character and his environment. Mr. Pickwick, respectable, stout, benevolent, and naïvely philosophical, is thrown into a succession of situations in each of which his qualities appear incongruous, and it is this incongruity which provides most of the humor. Other characters have their own typical qualities and display them in their relations with each other and with the hero in the situations into which they are precipitated. Such a species of linked short stories depends for its effect on the reader's recognition in each new scene of the increasingly familiar qualities of the characters. Characters are deliberately overdrawn and simplified, and are thrown into as great a variety of incongruous situations as possible. The function of each of the stories that make up the book is to let the characters show their reactions in circumstances where their acting typically will cause the maximum of incongruity or simple fun.

" This is not the whole explanation of the appeal of the *Pickwick Papers*. A work constructed as this is can introduce a variety of new attractions in different episodes without having them linked to the main significance of the book as a whole. There can be descriptions of scenes and actions interesting simply for their own sake, accounts of convivial meetings, pictures of old innyards, satires on English institutions, almost anything in fact. Characters may be introduced in one episode without ever reappearing or having any connection with the story, simply in order to be satirised or laughed at, or if they are picturesque, just to be described. Out of this vast collection of anecdotes the reader gets an agreeable sense of life, an impression of human activity divorced from any question of value.

" Books such as *Pickwick* must, however, stick to their main general intention if they are not to risk being read for what they are not. Toward the end of *Pickwick*, when Dickens throws that engaging rascal Alfred Jingle into jail and then has the sentimental Pickwick rescue and reform him, a completely new kind of significance is introduced into the book and the spell is broken. An attempt is made to introduce a sense of moral value—and a crude one at that—into a picture of life whose appeal lies in the very fact that it is divorced from all questions of moral value, and the reader is disturbed and annoyed. In the light of this new development all the previous episodes shift a little and become less amusing. If we are to think of *these* aspects of human behaviour, the reader might say, then we must reconsider our amusement at Mr. Wardle's elderly sister's unhappy adventure with Mr. Jingle and at the great trial scene of Bardell versus Pickwick ; if human failings are to be considered not simply as comic or preposterous but as involving serious moral issues, we had no right to laugh at the Reverend Mr. Stiggins and the lugubrious Job Trotter. Dickens, in fact, as soon as he introduces his prison scenes, rends the fabric of his novel and deprives us of the innocent pleasures which the preceding scenes have afforded us. (He does not, of course, literally so deprive us, because we refuse to take these latter scenes seriously.) He had already almost done this by the introduction of a series of macabre tales at intervals, but these were so overdone that no reader could allow them to cast any real shadow over the story. The scenes in prison, however, and the reformation of Mr. Jingle, we are intended to take seriously, as they concern some of the main characters of the book.

" Apart from the anomoly of its concluding scenes, however, the *Pickwick Papers* is an excellent example of a kind of ' light ' literature which affords pleasure by its humorous and lively pictures of human activity deliberately presented without any cumulative sense of significance emerging from the story. It is a picaresque comedy, based on the putting together of caricature and adventure. Its value lies in the kind of pleasure it affords the reader—a pleasure deriving largely from the immense feeling of *gusto* about life which Dickens had packed into the novel ; here is man contemplated simply as a lively and fascinating spectacle. We are not concerned with what it all means, but here it is. (In later novels Dickens managed to combine this sense of abundant life with serious social preoccupations : it might be said that the scenes in the debtors' prison achieve this combination at the end of *Pickwick*, but, as we have pointed out, what we have here is a juxtaposition, not a combination.)

The *Pickwick Papers*, then, is not comedy in the full literary sense : its value derives from the *complete* blocking of reverberations, so that we get a sense of life without a sense of its significance. If we ask ourselves how Dickens manages to achieve this effect of life, we shall find that this depends partly on his narrative style—which manages to convey continuously the impression of a good-humored observer—and partly on his choice of incidents. The literary skill here consists in the author's ability to present vivid images, his lively and energetic language, his ear for effective dialogue, all put at the service of a rich inventive power. If the result is not the highest form of art, it is at least a very respectable achievement, and one capable of being enjoyed in a greater variety of moods than those in which we welcome the greatest masterpieces of the world.

" If in the *Pickwick Papers* we have an example of a novel in which the unity imposed by the plot (such as it is) is no real unity and the separate incidents fall apart into a number of short stories illustrating the increasing familiar psychology of the actors, we have in James Joyce's ' Dubliners ' the opposite situation—a collection ostensibly of short stories which in fact combine to form a highly complex yet unified work."—" A Study of Literature for Readers and Critics," by D. Daiches. (O.U.P.)

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE

" Contemporary novels are not the only ones subject to changes in taste. The Victorian admired Scott more than Fielding, but many people now prefer Fielding to Scott, and eve to Dickens. Opinions vary more widely concerning contemporary writers, but even o the classics they are not always unanimous.

" Plots of action are not always hair-raising. A plot dealing with wandering adventurer —a picaresque plot—like that of ' Don Quixote ' has action dispersed in many directions and sometimes lasting for years. In Dickens's *David Copperfield*, alongside the traged of Little Em'ly's ruin, there is another very different event, the humorous slow wooing o Peggotty by Barkis.

" Dickens's novels have plots which would have shapes like contour maps if we trie to pencil every direction taken from the opening chapter. These novels have weak plot but give lasting pleasure because their author knew the secret of creating unforgettabl people. Peggotty, Little Nell, Oliver take our imagination by storm and hold us captiv for ever. This is the second essential characteristic of a novel, that it should tell us abou people or things which are alive, which have character.

" This necessity for selection may lead the author to select so severely that instead of portrait he presents us with a caricature. He chooses two or three details—a pair of startlin eyebrows, a long nose, a dismal voice—gives them a grotesque name and says no more This can be effective when it is well done. Dickens illustrates it at its best and worst He sometimes uses it lazily as with the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers*. It is amusing to se the fat boy asleep on his first appearance, but Dickens shows him in this state so often that when he does rouse into activity, he seems too absurd to be real. A more revealin use of caricature is seen in *Great Expectations*. Mr. Wemmick, the shy clerk, is made a vivid as the fat boy by an exaggerated humorous description on his appearance. Bu Dickens does not merely strike an attitude with him and keep repeating it. We visit Mr Wemmick's home and even Pip gasps at the revelation of his friend in the home circle Mr. Wemmick is no longer a city clerk, with a ' mouth as tight as a pillar-box.' He is sti presented in caricature but we see him differently as a son, making ' a haystack of butter toast ' for his father, and also as a suitor, sharing a glass with Miss Spiffkins, who, wit her tight waist and prim manner, is a caricature of all the old maids of the world. M Wemmick's habit of addressing his old father as ' The Aged ' or " Aged P.' shows how character may be created by a single phrase.

" This form of adventure novel continued for over fifty years after Smollett's death an was used by Dickens in depicting the merry bustling life of the traveller in coaching day

" Between 1880 and 1914 the English novel changed fundamentally owing to the in fluence exerted by the translation of continental novels. Until this time novelists ha been content to tell of people living within the accepted structure of English society. The had been occupied in observing, perhaps laughing at, the foibles of individual men an women, and in imagining their adventures in situations romantic, fantastic or everyday Dickens and some of his contemporaries, such as Charles Kingsley and Reade, turned thei attention to the more startling inequalities industrial England endured and helped t rouse public opinion against them. But even Dickens did not carry his criticism beyon superficialities ; he did not venture to criticise the very stuff and fabric of society. Frenc and Russian novelists, on the contrary, wrote freely on any subject ; they were not boun by the reticences and discretions which hampered English writers.

" [Six pages of this work are devoted to ' The Golden Age of the Novel,' 1837-1880 commencing with ' The first and probably the greatest Victorian novelist is Charle Dickens . . . ' Sectional headings read ' John Bull in his Shirt Sleeves,' ' The Secret o Dickens's Popularity,' ' Virtue Unrewarded in " Vanity Fair," ' ' How Thackeray contrast with Dickens ']"—" The English Language, its Beauty and Use." [Anonymous.] (Odhams'

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DICKENS AND ETHICS

" There was not even apparently the least imagination of the mental conditions of the poor. When Government help was suggested in emigration, Lord John Russell suggested that ' those who were thinking of emigrating should co-operate and make their own arrangements without Government help and supervision.' This might be possible for the Mormon —as Dickens pointed out—but for the waifs of London the suggestion was either nonsense or deliberately obstructive.

" The genuine surprise and horror that thrilled England on the publication in 1842 of the report on the conditions of children in industry showed how unknown the situation was.

" This ignorance and carelessness, then, is the normal state before moral sentiment begins to work on a problem. In America the publication of ' Uncle Tom's Cabin ' was the event which had the utmost emotional significance in turning men's minds to the problem of slavery. In it the slaves were shown to be men like others, and a direct appeal was made to group-sympathy. Dickens, perhaps, played something the same part in England. In his *Uncommercial Traveller* he has sketches describing the life of some of the poorest of London's citizens. He is deliberately arousing emotion and plainly saying that a problem exists. He probably had far more readers than those who gave a more formal account of horrors. Dickens visited the East End, workhouses, schools for paupers' children, and the homes of the workless. One of his most moving passages is about the woman with lead-poisoning . . .

" Then follow a few more horrors concerning the symptoms of the patient and then the young girl from upstairs comes down to announce that she, too is going to the lead-mills

to save her starving babies. It is a fine emotional climax. In another passage, he describes the dreadful state of uncared-for pauper children who roamed the streets . . .

" Writings such as this, by the most popular and respected author of his day, could not be without emotional significance. They must have moved men's hearts to pity. But pity is not enough. It is merely the emotion necessary to prepare men's minds for action, and when we look in Dickens for constructive proposals for reform, we find very little. He has clearly not even understood—if we understand to-day—the causes and cure of unemployment. He has not conceived the regulation of unhealthy work. In a later essay, he returns to the lead-mills, and explains how he went over them and how well everything was arranged. There were respirators, a canteen, a wash-room—rather short of towels—and a ' female attendant ' to warn the women not to eat with dirty hands. There were, of course, some disadvantages.

" The only field in which Dickens had some constructive ideas was education. When he saw the untamed and untended child wretches of London, he was filled with a sense of *waste*. With so little care, they could be made of use. In another essay he grows enthusiastic over the pauper schools of the Stepney Union, where for the modest sum of 4½d. per week ' which includes all the salaries of the teachers and the rations of the teachers,' children are so trained that they make good sailors, good bandsmen for the Army, and the girls good domestic servants. He does not look for any higher achievement; but even this is making good citizens from the otherwise waste products of the London slums.''—" Practical Ethics," by M. Sturt and M. Hobling. (Routledge.)

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BROPHY ON OLIVER TWIST

" The *Oliver Twist* film makes me miserable, reviving all my dislike of Dickens. I see him as a gross abuser of his own gifts, an habitual taker of easy paths, a man who could not help being a great writer but failed to become a great artist by refusing the artist's responsibilities. The task of the novelist is literally expression: he has to take out of his mind what is subjective, view it with detachment, and then transmute it, sifted and rearranged, into something objective. His ever-present temptation is to misuse his necessary insight by glorifying himself through his central character ' his hero ' or ' his heroine.' This self-glorification commonly takes one of two forms. The hero may endure innumerable outward misfortunes, but the promise of ultimate triumph is implicit from the first and is duly honoured in the final chapters: this produces a standard romance or adventure story. The other form of novelists' self-glorification is a little more subtle and far more damaging to both writer and reader. Whether or not there is a final triumph, a ' happy ending,' most of the action is seen through the hero's physical or mental eyes, and the dominating purpose of the book is to arouse a sense of indignation. The hero suffers injustice, persecution, misunderstanding: he is morally more sensitive, more highly gifted, and quite often more highly born, than anyone else; and the minor characters are sorted into those who are subserviently kind to him and those who further the plot by obstructing his ambitions or the attainment of his rights.

" It is to this second category that *Oliver Twist* and most of Dickens's novels belong. Their wide appeal is due to the fact that they enable the reader to nourish his own private conception of himself as a victim of cosmic injustice: he identifies himself, as he reads, with the hero, and (as the novelist did before him) luxuriates in a turkish bath of self-pity. This is, in fact, the classic device of the big best-seller.

" *Oliver Twist* is one more projection of everybody's little pet ego—and how true to our nonsensical daydreams that he should be, not what he seems, a proletarian waif, but sprung from a well-to-do family, the rightful heir to a fortune. Like the book, the film is melodramatic: where there is a falsity at the heart of a conception, falsity must pervade everything derived from it. Alec Guinness portrays an admirable Fagin exactly within the Dickensian outline; lots of skill but never a hint that Fagin (who has been called into being merely to stimulate our fears for Oliver) might be a human being. Robert Newton is flamboyantly and dynamically brutal as Bill Sikes. The film-makers have added any number of film clichés—chases through narrow streets, grotesque architecture, over-ripe low life, and interludes of sadism to stimulate the nerves. The background music is almost incessant."—" The Mind's Eye," by John Brophy. (Barker.)

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INNS

" Dickens paints a whole gallery of attractive inns in his novels. Here is one:—

" ' . . .one little roadside inn, snugly sheltered behind a great elm tree with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious bole, addressed a cheerful front towards the traveller, as a house of entertainment ought, and tempted him with many mute but significant assurances of a comfortable welcome. The ruddy signboard perched up in the tree, with its golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the passers-by, from among the green leaves, like a jolly face, and promised good-cheer.'

" And Mr. Pickwick found at Muggleton a signpost ' displaying an object very common in art, but rarely met with in nature—to wit, a blue lion with three bow legs in the air, balancing himself on the extreme point of the centre of the claw of his fourth foot.'

" There is the ' Our Mutual Friend ' at Stevenage, named as a compliment to Charles Dickens.

" Dickens in *The Pickwick Papers* mentions ' The Great White Horse,' rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane carthorse, which is elevated above its principal door."—" Inn-Signia," by B. Hill. (Naldrett Press.)

" There is the right atmosphere about ' The White Horse '—nothing ' Ye Olde ' or artificial. Queen Elizabeth never slept there and Dickens never mentioned it : it is just a part of Chilham.

" It is quite likely that the building which is now ' The Sun Inn ' (Canterbury) dates from 1503. At the present time, interest in the old inn is largely based on its association with the name of Charles Dickens, who refers to it in *David Copperfield* as the ' Little Inn.'

" And so on to Broadstairs, where ' The Royal Albion Hotel ' became famous when Charles Dickens came to live next door and later became resident.

" By ducking under the low archway which gives on to the quiet passage leading into the private bar, you will find yourself in a low pleasant room, with old furniture all in complete keeping with the inn's character, and a small bar rich in old glass and good china, with two or three smaller ' rooms ' leading off from it. And one of these is known as ' Mr. Dickens's Room '—not because Mr. Dickens mentioned the room in any book (he didn't) but because, during the years 1857-63, when he was staying in Folkestone, he habitually used the inn ; it was, in fact, his ' local.' No great display is made of this fact—it is merely mentioned for what it is worth—but here is the room in which Charles Dickens sat and drank an occasional glass, and chatted with the landlord and other regulars, and went home in due course. How like Dickens and how like ' The British Lion.'

" Rochester and Dickens are synonymous thoughts and the student will find ' The King's Arms ' portrayed as the ' Winglebury Arms ' in *Sketches by Boz*, while ' Jasper's Gate House ' from *Edwin Drood* is just over the road."—" Inns of Kent," by G. M. Rainbird. (Naldrett Press.)

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VICTORIAN MELODRAMA

" The opening years of Victoria's reign witnessed this masterly achievement of Dickens in following *Pickwick Papers* with *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*

" Naturally they were at once transformed by eager hacks into melodramas for the Minor Stage, where it was apparent that the most courageous attempt for over half a century to cure the blindness of virtue was half-hearted. These stories with happy endings, though maintaining that all was not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, yet upheld virtue triumphant. Fagin and Quilp marked a vast stride towards actuality since the day of Brian de Bois Gilbert and Frontdeboeuf, because the Victorian scoundrels indicated that evil might have a bad smell. Even so, the romance of crime had yet to enjoy its wildest fling. Whatever popularity ' Bentley's Miscellany ' had won through a Dickens serial was surpassed directly it began in 1839 to publish ' Jack Sheppard ' by Harrison Ainsworth,

" Murderers as well as seducers were less inclined to repentance and remorse than the gloomy captors who deplored of old the wickedness of their deeds while committing them. Whatever it was that moved Kean in Shylock also inspired Dickens's Fagin, and whatever it was that moved Kean in Richard Crookback inspired Dickens's Quilp. Gloating over evil, as distinct from mere ruffianism, was becoming a force in fiction.

" Now *Oliver Twist* came out in ' Bentley's Miscellany ' in 1838—that same year ' Oliver Twist ; or, The Parish Boy's Progress ' was billed at the Pavilion, Whitechapel, with other versions at the Adelphi and elsewhere—to make the link between crime exultant and social evil plain. These also exist side by side in *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

" The harshness of that outside world has to be known before the love of depicting philanthropy in fiction can be understood. It indicates why the Cheeryble Brothers were brought into existence. It helps to explain masses of entertainments from plays that were billed as ' Great Moral Dramas ' to most of the novels of Dickens. There was sore need of assurance that the world was not complacent in its evil : the desire for this went so deep that it was taken for granted. Dickens himself was unaware that his plots were constructed like melodrama, so unaware that he could mock at his own view of life because he thought it the only possible view of life and therefore funny when exaggerated merely because it was exaggerated. In ' Two Views of a Cheap Theatre,' included in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, he describes how, at the performance of a melodrama, he was ' pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and, indeed, I thought, rather more so.' The audience was as hard as iron upon Vice and ' wouldn't hear of Villainy getting on in the world—no, not on any consideration whatever.'

" There was still a vague feeling that players were rogues and vagabonds. Dickens had not helped to overcome that ; his kindly portraits of strolling mummers unwittingly seemed to agree with this contempt. No matter how stage-struck his own fancy, his novels might well leave the impression that the actor was a superior kind of tinker or pedlar or ballad-monger with botched Shakespeare among his wares. This is what the fops of Fops' Alley read into *Nicholas Nickleby*, and anyhow Vincent Crummles was not a flattering portrait of the Manager, Mr. Davenport of No. 2, Marlborough Villas, College Street, Chelsea, who ran the Kent circuit.

" Usually it is the buildings that call themselves Dickens originals, but no Bleak House or Old Curiosity Shop or ancient coaching inn was more eager to let people know what was owing to it (artistically) than the actress who claimed to be the Infant Phenomenon in *Nicholas Nickleby*. As a child of eleven, Jean Davenport was the leading lady of her father's many theatres in 1840 ; and it would be better not to ridicule the old practice of casting child prodigies for adult parts.

" In order to explain the more extravagant achievements of the Crummles family, Dickens commentators have observed that in drawing figures from the theatrical world satirically he was following a literary tradition. A better explanation can be found in the popular trick of printing bogus playbills. One specimen sets forth what the Daggerwood

Family from the Dunstable Theatre will do at Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood's Benefit. Marvels are promised by wife and children down to Master Apollo Daggerwood who will ' bear on his Naked Breast a Real Smith's Anvil, while beat by the Cyclops with sledge hammers from Vulcan's forge.' Compare this with Crummles' first glimpse of his bride-to-be—' She stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks.' As for the ' literary gentleman ' at the dinner-party, he is plainly Edward Stirling. While the novel was appearing in monthly numbers between the April of 1838 and the October of 1838, he wrote his burletta of ' Nicholas Nickleby ' for the Adelphi in the November of 1838. This is what Dickens had in mind when attacking playwrights who took the uncompleted books of living authors fresh from their hands, wet from the press, who cut, hacked, and carved them, finished unfinished works, and hastily and crudely vamped up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector. His remarks about carving them to ' the powers and caprices of your actors ' takes from this a rich significance, for Smike was changed at the Adelphi by the shapeliness and charm of Mrs. Keeley into a kind of principal boy. Her success inspired Stirling to write ' The Fortunes of Smike ; or, A Sequel to Nicholas Nickleby ' in the March of 1840."—" Blood and Thunder," by M. W. Disher. (Muller.)

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WIGTON

" *Charles Dickens visits Wigton* . . .

" Charles Dickens was to another novelist of his day, Wilkie Collins, a sort of god. Collins, a master in the art of intricate plot, became very friendly with, and later, a sort of disciple of Dickens. Some say for the better, others for worse, but undoubtedly the master became influenced and learnt much from the pupil.

" Soon they were working in collaboration, and one result of their dual authorship was ' The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices,' which first appeared in the pages of ' Household Words ' . . . The narrative contains two other separate stories. That of the double-bedded room at Doncaster was by Collins, who is the apprentice, Thomas Idle. The tale of the old man of Lancaster is by Dickens, who is the other apprentice, Francis Goodchild. It is impossible to apportion each writer's share in the general narrative, but it bears unmistakable signs of being mostly Dickensian . . .

" So in September, 1857, they arrived at Carlisle, which failed to impress the two idlers, and journeying by the high district they eventually came to Heske-New-Market as they term Hesket-New-Market. The old ' Crown Inn ' proved comfortable, and the jovial Joseph Porter a most obliging landlord. Mine host accompanied Thomas Idle and Francis Goodchild next day ; driving them to the foot of Carrock or Carrick Fell—it is spelt both ways in the book—and then climbing the mountain. It was an unfortunate excursion, they walked into rain and mist and, on the descent, Idle slipped and badly sprained his ankle. With much difficulty they got to the bottom and after ' an outward application of whisky and oil to Thomas Idle's ankle, and whisky without oil to Francis Goodchild's stomach,' they set off in a carriage with a flat roof (which rained in) and no sides, for Wigton.

" It was Tuesday, and they met many country people coming from the market in open carts, who made no more of the rain than if it were sunshine ; and passed Wigton's policeman taking a country walk, apparently for pleasure, half a dozen miles from home, in a resplendent but woefully saturated uniform.

" Wigton Market was over, and the bare booths were smoking with rain all down the street. Arriving at the King's Arms Hotel, Idle was placed on three chairs for lack of a sofa, and having settled to his unhappy lot, requested Goodchild to tell him what he saw out of the window . . .

" From Wigton the two went to another place which is kept nameless on account of the story of the double-bedded room. Personally I think from the sparse description that it was Ireby. They also journeyed by train to Aspatria, which they state the inhabitants pronounced, ' Spatter '—you and I know that this should be ' Speârtree '—and chartered a carriage for Allonby . . .

" Dickens wrote to a friend, Miss Hogarth, describing Allonby, and said : ' The landlady of the little Inn at Allonby lived at Greta Bridge in Yorks, when I went down before *Nickleby* and was smuggled into the room to see me when I was secretly found out. She is an immensely fat woman now.' To the same friend he wrote of Wigton : ' We lay last night at a place called Wigton with the wonderful peculiarity that it had no population, no business, no streets to speak of ; out five linen-drapers within range of our windows, one next door and five more round the corner. I ordered a night light in my bedroom. A queer little old woman brought me one of the common child's night lights.'

" But the great novelist seems to have forgotten that no place is seen to advantage in pouring rain. Jupiter Pluvius seems to have made the Throssel Nest his ' nest ' too, for it still rains a lot as it did in Dickens's time.

" The eleven homicidal linen-drapers he mentions were undoubtedly William Barnes, John Blain, J. & R. Duggan (they had a shop also at Maryport), Joseph Lamonby, all of Market Place. Joseph Messenger, West Street (now Messrs. Penrice), John Pearson, Joseph Wood, both High Street, with Samuel Rigg & Son, William Robinson, J. & J. Grindall, and William Richardson in King Street. The watchmaker was Joseph Peet, Market Place. The sweet shop, also salt warehouse, may have been William Wise, whilst the landlord of The King's Arms Hotel was Arthur Young. The Bank was the local branch of the Whitehaven Bank and is now the fitting, etc. room to Redmayne's High Street shop . . .

" But there is an interesting sequel to what was written by the much loved novelist

worthy of relating. Not many years ago Mrs. Sara M. Gardham, owner until recently of The King's Arms, engaged Mr. Robert Carrick, of 65 High Street, to do some interior decorating, including the staircase. Upon stripping the latter, near the window and in close proximity to room No. 11, which was the one Dickens occupied that September night, an amazing discovery was made. Close to the frame of the staircase window on the wall, still bearing its green colouring, was the pencilled signature.

" Mr. Carrick states that whoever had previously papered the wall had been careful not to paste over the pencilling. He sent for the late Mr. Robert Scott Wilson, then Editor of ' The Wigton Advertiser,' but found he was away. Immediately upon his return, and receiving Mr. Carrick's message, Mr. Wilson went at once to the Hotel. But the signature was covered by wallpaper. Mr. Carrick raised the paper to show Mr. Wilson, but the paste had already affected the pencilling and it was fading. What a pity this interesting signature was not preserved under a small piece of glass. And how Charles Dickens would have chuckled over this sequel to Thomas Idle and Francis Goodchild and their rainy day adventures, and night at Wigton's most celebrated Hotel."—" History of Wigton (Cumberland)," by T. W. Carrick. (Thurnam, Carlisle.)

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CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DRAMA

" To declare, as is sometimes done, that the cause of this discrepancy between the poetic and the dramatic writings of the time is to be found in the ' lyrical ' quality of these decades from 1790 to 1830 is by no means a sufficient answer. During this time there was a lively and widespread interest in the theatre both among the general unliterary public and among those professionally associated with the writer's craft. Hazlitt, Lamb, and, later Dickens were thoroughly typical of their age in their frequenting of the playhouses and in their keen appreciation of theatrical values. Nor did the romantic period throw all its creative being into the composition of lyrics. From Scott through Jane Austen to Thackeray and Dickens the prose writers carried the novel to new levels, and, when we remember how anxiously Dickens dreamed of applying his talents to the service of the theatre, we might well have thought that the fictional technique, involving the presentation of diverse characters and the making of these characters speak in their own tongues, would, thus combined with interest in the drama, have yielded plays of more than common quality. Yet Scott could reach in this way no farther than the dull mediocre ' The House of Aspen,' and Dickens could not rise above the trivial playlet of ' The Lamplighter.' The dismal failure of the romantic poets must therefore be considered along with a corresponding failure on the part of the novelists ; and these, taken in consideration, certainly demand that the cause of the debility be sought elsewhere than in the ' lyrical ' qualities of the time."—" World Drama from Aeschylus to Anouilh," by A. Nicoll. (Harrap.)

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PICNICS

" One of the latest instances of the use of the word in its original sense occurs in 1841, when Dickens edited *The Pic Nic Papers* . . . The preface explained how the friends of a young publisher, recently dead, wishing to help his widow and orphans, decided to raise the necessary funds by publishing this miscellany, to which each one should contribute a story, poem or article. Dickens himself sent *The Lamplighter's Story* . . .

" When Dickens decided to call this collection *The Pic Nic Papers* he was using the word in a sense that was already obsolescent, and by the middle of the nineteenth century a picnic is always taken to mean a meal eaten out of doors.

" ' Name the half-dozen best picnics in Victorian novels ' : two episodes from Dickens come very high on the list, one amorous, one comic. To anyone with a taste for early-Victorian humour the picnic from *Pickwick Papers* is the gem of the whole collection. by an unaccountable sin of omission, Phiz has neglected to leave us a drawing of this memorable scene. He has, indeed, depicted Mr. Pickwick in the famous wheelbarrow, but it is not Pickwick flushed with the delights of partridges, picnics and cold punch, but Pickwick ignominiously consigned to the pound.

" There are intelligent people, blessed with a keen sense of humour, who find *Pickwick Papers* a boring book and who are unable to raise a smile at the picture of Mr. Pickwick in the wheelbarrow. The fault perhaps is not theirs, but oh, how sad is their misfortune !

" These unhappy persons may find more to enjoy in Dickens when he is in sentimental mood. Their choice, therefore, would be the picnic in *David Copperfield*. This episode takes place at that stage of the hero's career when, ' if I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora . . .' In this condition it is not to be wondered at if David ' went out of his senses immediately ' on receiving an invitation to Dora's birthday picnic."—" English Picnics," by G. Battiscombe. (Harvill Press.)

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LANCASHIRE

" By chance, which seems wholly caprice, Dickens cast the scene of a sombre little story at Hoghton, *George Silverman's Explanation*, the morbid study of a misunderstood nature, perhaps the least read and the least liked of his minor writings—and a dreary view he takes of the house ' centuries old, deserted and falling to pieces, the woods and gardens long since grass-land or ploughed up, the rivers Ribble and Darwen flowing below it, and ' —here comes the characteristic sly humour by way of relief—' a vague haze of smoke, against which not even the supernatural prescience of the first Stuart could foresee a counter-blast, hinting at steam-power, powerful in two distances.' The particularity of description leaves us in no doubt as to what place Dickens meant, for he goes on to paint the ancient rooms and their furnishings with much precision . . .'

'Eighty years ago, or, to be exact, on April 21, 1869, Charles Dickens, weary with continual writing and lecturing, wrote from a place then bounding into popularity for its heathful breezes: 'I have had a delicious week by the sea. I sleep soundly, and have picked up amazingly in appetite' . . . Dickens was writing of Blackpool.

" . . . Manchester supplied in part or whole the picture of Coketown . . . Dickens's grimly ludicrous description admits of no redeeming feature. But the Manchester man does not thus behold it. He sees the glamour, and he knows the compensation."—" The Charm of Lancashire," by J. Cuming Walters. (Black.)

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EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION

" *Session* 1857-1858 . . . The 'bright, particular star' of the programme was, however, Charles Dickens. He was already familiar with Edinburgh: as a young reporter he had visited it in 1834; and in 1841 he had been entertained to a banquet and had received the freedom of the city. Now, on 26th March, 1858, he came to read his *Christmas Carol* to the members of the Institution. The extraordinary public interest aroused by this visit is well reflected in a letter quoted in Lady Priestley's 'Story of a Lifetime.' The writer was W. H. Wills, Assistant Editor of *Household Words*, and he reported as follows: 'The Secretary of the Philosophical Institution [Henry Bowie] wrote to me to say that he had neither ate nor drunk nor slept for days, he had been so bullied for tickets. None but members could have them, and the room [the Music Hall] does not hold all . . . The reading went off admirably. Capital audience. Wonderful unanimity. Wonderful happiness. Cheers and guffaws and pocket handkerchiefs all in their right places. After it was over and Dickens was picking up his book, handkerchief, box of lozenges, etc., the Lord Provost came forward with a mahogany case like a painted harmonium case. Then he made a speech. Then he opened the case. It contained a magnificent chased and burnished wassail cup of great size, with an inscription. The Secretary told me privately it was meant to be a heirloom in the family. Dickens was delighted with it.'

" Little wonder that the novelist should pronounce an Edinburgh audience to be 'perfect,' and should credit it with an even quicker sense of humour than a Boston!

" *Session* 1889-1890 . . . there were Readings also from Dickens, by his son, Charles."—" The Philosophical," a short history of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, 1846-1948, by W. A. Miller. (Cousland.)

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LINCOLN'S INN

" Dickens has left a picture of a Serjeant's chambers in Lincoln's Inn as they were in 1828 when Mr. Pickwick assured Serjeant Snubbin of his innocence of the charge made against him in Bardell *v.* Pickwick. Not only did Snubbin prove a poor advocate but his chambers—full of dust and decay, with dirty blinds and old and rickety furniture—are infinitely below the standard of a more enlightened age.

" The Common Informer even escaped inclusion in the huge gallery of legal types portrayed in the novels of Charles Dickens."

[The concluding chapter of this volume is entitled " Arising out of *Bleak House*."]—" Lincoln's Inn Essays," by Sir Gerald Hurst. (Constable.)

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Sixteen Guineas.—Edmonton Branch.
Twelve Pounds Nineteen Shillings and Sixpence.—Blackburn Branch (Mr. Leo Mason £2 2*s.*, Mrs. Gollop, Lewis and Richard 15*s.*, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Livesey, the late Mrs. Josephine Johnson, Miss Bateson, Miss Duerdon, Miss Thompson, Mr. Crossley 5*s.* each).
Eight Pounds Eighteen Shillings.—Worcester Branch.
Eight Pounds Two Shillings.—Winnipeg Branch.
Seven Pounds Four Shillings.—Mr. John Greaves'—Recitals.
Five Guineas.—Anonymous.
Five Pounds Two Shillings.—Miss Greatwood and Miss Minards: Whist Drive.
Three Pounds.—Mr. Frank Staff—sale of books.
Two Pounds Eighteen Shillings.—Mr. Harry E. Evans.
Two Pounds Ten Shillings.—Miss Sara T. Newton.
Two Guineas.—Mrs. Walter Dexter—sale of books, Miss E. M. F. Galwayne (Liverpool), Maryville Branch.
Two Pounds.—Mrs. Seward.
One Pound Fifteen Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss D. Cook and Mrs. Shelley—raffle.
One Pound Fifteen Shillings.—In memoriam: Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell.
One Pound Ten Shillings.—Broadstairs Branch.
One Guinea.—Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. E. T. Hynes in memory of her late husband.
One Pound.—Miss C. I. Davis, Miss M. E. Greatwood, Hatfield Branch, Mr. J. Cooper Sands (Nottingham), Mr. H. V. Staples.
Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—Shewsbury Branch.
Five Shillings.—Miss Veitch.
Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. N. C. Peyrouten.
Total £5,162 2*s.* 2*d.*

THOMAS STURGE COTTERELL

THE unexpected death of Mr. Thomas Sturge Cotterell on February 28th, in his 85th year, briefly announced in the last number has removed from our ranks an outstanding enthusiast. Mr. Cotterel came of an old Bath family, and his father and grandfather knew th Bath of Dickens's day and passed on to him many recollections even including remembrances of the originals of Angelo Cyrus Bantam and the members of the card party at which Mr. Pickwick was so flustered at the Assembly Rooms.

Mr. Cotterell will be remembered for his keen interest in municipa affairs ; he was a Town Councillor for 43 years, an Alderman fo nearly as long, and became Mayor and Chief Magistrate of the City in 1930. He was the foremost authority on Bath's history an literary associations, especially those of Landor, Dickens, and th Pickwicks. It was Alderman Cotterell who inaugurated the custom of affixing mural tablets to houses with which the great ones o the past were connected by birth, residence, or death, and these tablets so impressed Lord Rosebery in 1902 that the system wa introduced by the London County Council in the Metropolis. I the first World War, Mr. Cotterell gave up his post as Genera Manager of the Bath and Portland Stone Firms to join the staff o the Ministry of Munitions, his work there being recognised by th award of the M.B.E.

These columns, however, pay tribute especially to Mr. Cotterell' love for Dickens. He was *the* authority on the Pickwicks, the coac proprietors ; his grandfather and father knew Moses well, and i 1930 an article in *The Dickensian* placed all Mr. Cotterell's know ledge at the command of others ; this was only one of many con tributions on Dickensian lore to our pages. Another informativ communication on Walter Savage Landor, whom he called " Th Real Boythorn " appeared in 1948. He presented to the Dicken House his own treasured copy of the last portrait of Landor taken i England, as well as several scarce engravings of the Bath of former days

In spite of his increasing years, Mr. Cotterell's activity was remark able, and his visits to London constant ; no railway journey, howeve long, seemed to tire him, and he was a familiar figure at our Annua Conferences, besides which he regularly attended the meetings of th Council, of which he was Chairman in 1931. He was the movin spirit, and a lively and inspiring one, of the two Conferences held i Bath in 1930 and again in 1939, and at the Broadstairs Conferenc last year he was, with his customary energy and optimism, lookin forward to another Conference in the near future at his beloved city A year or so ago he suggested and financed a plan to enlarge th circulation of *The Dickensian* in which he took the deepest interest His interest in his own Branch never flagged or faltered ; he was ofte giving its members the benefit of his knowledge in lectures and rambles and the Branch's loyalty to his memory was well shewn by the large attendance of representatives at his funeral service at Bath Abbey

I recall Mr. Cotterell's ready willingness in his sending me volumi nous notes when I was annotating the *Pickwick Papers* and I stil treasure the numerous sheets covered with his ornamental bu rather-difficult-to-decipher script.

A much valued and loved fellow-worker has passed from our midst leaving fragrant memories and an unwritten but implicit Dickensia message : " Go and do thou likewise " ; " Preach the gospel to every creature."

T. W. H.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable.

THE thanks of the entire Fellowship are proffered to Miss A. Butler, the retiring Hon. Secretary of Rochester; to Mr. J. H. Roe (Blackpool); to Mrs. Wood (Preston); and to Miss B. Cattermole (Tabard Players). Congratulations and good wishes are accorded to their successors, Mr. F. Baines, Mrs. Brammer, Mrs. W. R. Cooper and Mr. Ross Barrington respectively.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Sisson, of the Auckland (N.Z.) Branch who recently celebrated their Golden Wedding.

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A warm welcome to Britain is offered to Miss E. Turner and Mr. H. S. Cordery (Christchurch, N.Z.) Miss Walker (Melbourne), Miss D. M. Cowan (Auckland, N.Z.) and Mr. Cramp (Sydney).

ARTHUR COLBAN

THE Dickensians in Vancouver (B.C.) recently suffered a severe loss in the death of Arthur Colban, who had for many years been closely associated with their activities and who, until comparatively recently, had been the honorary secretary of the Fellowship for ten years. He had been more closely in touch with headquarters in London than any other member of the Fellowship, and during the Second World War it was at the home of himself and his wife that all the clothing was assembled and packed in barrels to send to headquarters overseas. His early life was spent in Stamford, Lincs., but for many years before coming to Canada he lived in London, and, for some of those years before his marriage, with the late Philip Bursill, librarian of Woolwich, who was the son of a former London journalist, J. Francis Bursill, who founded the Vancouver Dickens Fellowship and the Vancouver Shakespeare Society. Though Mr. Colban, who held a responsible business position in the city, was associated with a number of activities, he was, before all else, a saturated Dickensian and the Fellowship owed much of its success during the years that he was secretary to the efforts of himself and his wife, who hails from Harrogate, Yorks. Their home in Vancouver, filled with Dickens mementos, has been the centre of innumerable gatherings permeated with a Dickensian flavour. Possessing, as he did, a keen sense of humour, he was an ideal host upon these occasions. The members of the Fellowship will find it easy to keep green the memory of one who was a devoted disciple of the master-novelist.

N. R.

We also deeply regret to record the death of Mrs. Ada C. Dickinson (aged 100) of Chicago; of Miss Ellen Farrington of Manchester; of Lt.-Col. E. T. Hynes, Headquarters, and of Miss Helena Madge Harrison of Birmingham.

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BATH

THE Bath Branch opened its session with a social and reception by the President, Mr. F. C. Dance. A paper entitled "A Dickensian Poet," a comparison of Hood and Dickens, was given by Mr. F. W. G. Thomas. It was greatly appreciated by members. The Branch then settled down to the study of *David Copperfield*, with dramatised readings. This was interspersed with a New Year Social, and two successful whist drives. The annual Birthday Dinner was held as usual, the toast of the Immortal Memory being proposed by His Honour, Judge Kirkhouse Jenkins. Shortly after this event, a cloud was cast over the Branch by the death of Mr. Sturge Cotterell, the founder and Life President, whose loss was deeply deplored. Mr. W. J. Hone was appointed as Hon. Secretary in the place of Miss D. Green, who becomes President in the ensuing year. The session has witnessed a steady increase in membership, and a sustained interest in the activities of the Fellowship.

W. J. H.

GLOUCESTER

THE Annual Birthday Celebrations were held at the Guildhall on February 8th. Guests included the Mayoress, the wife of the City High Sheriff, and representatives of the Tewkesbury, Cheltenham and Cirencester Branch. The toast of "The Immortal Memory" was given by the President, Miss E. A. Darkin. The visitors from the branches were welcomed and the President of Tewkesbury, Mr. Wodehouse, responded. Several members and guests attended in Dickensian costume and prizes for these, and for a whist drive, were presented by Mrs. Wodehouse, wife of the President of Tewkesbury Branch.

HONOLULU

A VERY successful Birthday Dinner was held on February 7th, when the Toast to "The Immortal Memory" by Dr. Albert L. Guerard, Visiting Professor of English in the University of Hawaii and for a great many years Professor of Comparative Literature in Stanford University. He is one of the most distinguished men in the field of Comparative Literature in the United States. Dr. Carleton Green produced *Bardell v. Pickwick*. More than a hundred Dickensians attended the banquet of Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding. Mr. Gregg M. Sinclair, President of the Branch since its foundation in 1930 now finds that

his University work has grown in such a fashion that he can no longer spare the time necessary for the active conduct of Fellowship affairs. Dr. Carleton Green, one of the most valued members of the University faculty, is to succeed him. At the Dinner a presentation was made to Mr. Sinclair, to his intense gratification. The attached legend reads as follows :

This Sevres bonbon dish was bought at the sale of Charles Dickens's effects at Gad's Hill by a Mr. Muirhead, a jeweller and dealer in bric-a-brac. He gave it to his wife who presented it to my sister, the late Mrs. W. R. Tharpe (Anne Wilson) of Ferncliff, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, England. After my sister's death this Gad's Hill dish was sent out to me by my folks as a souvenir of my sister.—WILLIAM F. WILSON.

MANCHESTER

THE Annual General Meeting brought to a close a very successful session under the Presidancy of Mr. Stanley Sutton. We have unfortunately had resignations and suffered the loss of old and valued members during the year, but we have also been happy to welcome newcomers in such numbers that we end the season with a total membership (143) only one below the figure with which it opened. Our meetings have provided a great deal of interesting food for thought, especially concerning the book for the year, *David Copperfield*. The novel was also skilfully adapted by Mrs. M. R. Wilson into a three-act play performed in November. At our Birthday celebration—a dinner held at the Engineers' Club—we were delighted to entertain Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Leslie Staples and representatives from several of the North Country branches. The Manchester branch was represented at the Birthday celebrations in London, Liverpool and Blackburn. Several of our members have given recitals and readings to other branches of the Fellowship and to various other organisations in and around Manchester. We continue to be responsible for the work of the Hospital Libraries' Service in the Northern Hospital of the city, where our members have issued over 1,500 books to patients during the past twelve months. A large party of delegates from Manchester will attend the Conference at St. Annes-on-Sea, to which all look forward with the keenest pleasure.

M. P.

ROCHESTER

AT the Annual Meeting held recently the Dean of Rochester wos re-elected President fo 1950-51. Mr. C. G. Appleton replaced Mr. R. C. Rigg (deceased) as Chairman and Mi F. C. A. Matthews, J.P., was elected Vice-Chairman. Miss Amy Butler resigned her position as Hon. Secretary, but is carrying on her good work as Hon. Treasurer. Mr. F Baines is the new Hon. Secretary. As has been already announced the Rochester Branch is looking forward to playing a prominent part in the Dickens Festival to be held in 1951 and already several schemes have been adopted for the purpose of stimulating publi interest. The Portsmouth Branch of the Fellowship and the Book Publishers Representatives' Association are both making Rochester the venue of their annual outing this year. During recent renovations the name " Wright " has disappeared from the building referred to in *Pickwick Papers* as Wright's Hotel. To try and prevent further losses the branch is to compile an inventory of all buildings and approach the owners with a view to their preservation. A fund, part of which will be given to the Headquarter's Endowment Fund, is to be opened. The first practical step is to be the production of a new guide to Dickensian Rochester which will be on sale to visitors.

F. B.

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

A DICKENS Birthday Dinner was held on February 7th with great success. The rooms and tables were decorated with red geraniums, the master's favourite flower, a colour scheme which was both startling and effective. About sixty members and friends from other societies attended, the toast to " The Immortal Memory " being proposed by Dr H. von Haast, M.A. Dr. Von Haast is an octogenarian of great experience and ability—a barrister and solicitor he is himself both author, poet, musician and promoter of all the arts in the capital city. He referred to two media which had come to the fore in modern times—films and broadcasting—which would be of great value in bringing Dickens before the younger generation. He spoke of the wholesome character of these works as contrasted with many of the novels of to-day and expressed the hope that the latter much-to-be-deplored tendency would be short-lived. Mr. F. L. Combs, M.A., a noted educationalist of New Zealand, proposed the toast to the Dickens Fellowship, drawing delightful pictures of some of the convivial scenes from the books. He spoke also of the humanity of Charles Dickens, the radiation of which, embraces the world. In reply, Mrs. V. Markham Jones, President of the Wellington Branch, told the story of the way in which the branch had come into existence many years ago. Beginning as a Dickens-Shakespeare Society, the Dickensian members had finally seceded and affiliated themselves to the Dickens Fellowship. The function closed with the cutting of a birthday cake by Mrs. N. C. Cruttenden.

V. M. J.

WOLVERHAMPTON

A HIGHLY successful Christmas Party was held in December, followed in January by a visit from Miss Ruth Whittaker of London, who delighted the members with a recital drawn from Dickens, Gaskell, Daudet, and Mark Twain. In February came an evening of readings by members of passages from *David Copperfield*, which favourite novel also provided the material for the March meeting, including further readings, a monologue and a discussion on the women characters in the book. A party of members was organised to visit the production of *The Lighthouse* in London.

N. N.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1947.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
The Dickens Fellowship—		
Loans	550 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon...	20 0 0	
	570 0 0	
Add Current Account	262 0 9	
		832 0 9
Sundry Creditors	...	32 1 10
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift	...	102 19 9
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund	...	3476 14 5
Balance—		
As at 31st December, 1946	5251 4 5	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year to 31st December, 1947	96 7 11	
		5347 12 4
		£9791 9 1

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Freehold Property—		
Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		5108 5 2
Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation—		
As at 31st December, 1946	201 18 11	
Add Purchased during year	6 13 2	
	208 12 1	
Less Depreciation for the year	10 8 9	
		198 3 4
Library and Museum, at cost—		
As at 31st December, 1946	138 12 2	
Add Purchased during year	3 19 0	
		142 11 2
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.— (Certified by the Hon. Secretary)		20 16 4
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost		102 19 9
(Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 31st December, 1947, £154 7*s.* 11*d.*)		
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investment—		
£1792 14*s.* 0*d.* 3½% Commonwealth of Australia Stock	2000 0 0	
£1000 2½% Defence Bonds	1000 0 0	
		3000 0 0
(Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 31st December, 1947, £2855 8*s.* 11*d.*)		
Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance	66 2 4	
The Dickensian	62 5 4	
		128 7 8
Balance at Bankers and Cash in Hand		1090 5 8
		£9791 9 1

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
18*th November*, 1948.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1947.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors		78 5 0
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1946		574 17 6
Special Reserve		833 7 6
Costume Department Fund		332 8 9
Advertising Fund		75 2 10
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1946	358 0 10	
Donations, 1947	95 12 9	
Profit on sale of Badges	8 12 0	
	462 5 7	
Less Payments to Dickens House	452 15 1	
		9 10 6
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes		284 17 2
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 31st December, 1946	574 15 8	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the Year	237 14 0	
	812 9 8	
Less Loss on *The Dickensian*	56 3 10	
		756 5 10
		£2944 15 1

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
£549 16*s.* 1*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		574 17 3
(Market Value 31st December, 1947, £594 9*s.* 6*d.*)		
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock		105 0 0
(Market Value 31st December, 1947, £127 18*s.* 0*d.*)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House, Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1946	26 8 0	
Less Depreciation @ 10% per annum	2 12 9	
		23 15 3
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost		75 0 0
Costume Department—		
Costumes at Nominal Value	100 0 0	
Cash at Bankers and in Hand	232 8 9	
		332 8 9
The Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	20 0 0	
	570 0 0	
Add Current Account	262 0 9	
		832 0 9
Stock of Badges on Hand		7 15 5
The Dickensian—		
Loan Account	20 8 2	
Add Current Account	141 3 0	
	161 11 2	
Less Loss for the year to 31st December, 1947	56 3 10	
		105 7 4
Amount paid in advance—Rates		7 7 6
Subscriptions in Advance		68 14 9
Balances at Bankers and in Hand—		
General Account	817 0 0	
Less Petty Cash Overdrawn	4 11 11	
		812 8 1
		£2944 15 1

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

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THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

London Meetings

Thursday, June 8th.—Eve of the anniversary of the death of Dickens. A wreath will be laid on the grave by permission of the Dean. Meet—Westminster Abbey, West Door, 6 p.m.

Wednesday, June 14th.—Motor-coach Excursion to Blundeston, Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

Saturday, July 29th.—"Steerforth's Highgate and the Cemetery." Conducted by Mr. Leslie C. Staples. Meet—Archway Tube Station, 2-30 p.m.

Saturday, August 19th.—"Marylebone." Including a visit to 1 Devonshire Terrace, by kind permission of the Misses Dingley. Conducted by Mrs. Gwen Major. Meet—Oxford Circus, Jay's Corner, 2-30 p.m.

Saturday, Sept. 23rd—"Guildford" conducted by Mr. J. Greaves. Meet—Waterloo Station entrance to No. 1 platform. Take "Cheap Day Ticket." Please advise the Hon. Sec. if you desire to be included in the arrangements for tea.

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